The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Iowa Democrats have for several years taken strong ground in their platforms upon the question of tariff reform, and this year they are even more emphatic than usual, showing that they share the increasing confidence which their party associates in other parts of the country are feeling in the strength of this issue. They also follow the example which is becoming general in Democratic platforms of declaring squarely in favor of the Australian ballot system. This is a practice which must cause Gov. Hill much uneasiness. A declaration in favor of a vague reform in election methods would not trouble him at all, for he professes to be in favor of something of that kind; but a specific call for the Australian system, which he says is a "mongrel foreign" one, and is hailed with delight by certain well-meaning people because "it comes from foreign shores and bears the approval of a monarchical government," must fill him with alarm for the safety of the pure American system which he and Tammany are so determined to perpetuate.

The temperance plank of the Iowa platform is a model of straightforwardness and clearness—so much so that it is virtually a new departure. It reads:

"Resolved, That in the interest of true temperance we demand the passage of a carefully guarded license tax law, which shall provide for the issuance of licenses in towns, townships, and municipal corporations of the State by a vote of the people of such corporations, and which shall provide that for each license an annual tax of $500 be paid into the county treasury, and such further tax as the town, township, or municipal corporation shall prescribe, the proceeds thereof to go to the use of such municipalities."

Compare that with the declaration of the New Jersey Republican Convention of Tuesday week in favor of "purity and temperance and the preservation of the home," and "such legislation as will most speedily and thoroughly eradicate the evil of intemperance." Iowa has at present a prohibitory law which is notoriously a complete failure in the cities. The Democrats make the direct issue of supplanting this with a high-license tax law, with a minimum tax of $500, with a local-option provision allowing any community to raise it by popular vote to any limit desired. This is the system of regulation which has accomplished in several Western States the best results thus far achieved anywhere. The New Jersey Republicans would have been both consistent and courageous if they had taken the same stand, for they were committed to the high-license principle, having secured the law embodying it which the Democratic Legislature repealed; but they abandoned their ground in the hope of catching some of the liquor vote.

A sign of the times which merits the attention of politicians is the series of "tariff-reform picnics" in Western States, particularly Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, the last few weeks. The people gather at some central point from miles around, bringing materials for a substantial meal with them, and then listen to speeches in favor of a thorough-going revision of the tariff. Not less than thirty of these picnics have been held in Missouri the past month, and some of them equalled in numbers and surpassed in enthusiasm any meeting held during the Presidential campaign. Senator Vest and other speakers at these picnics report that the interest of the farmers and of the working people generally is something without precedent in their experience. The "campaign of education" is evidently under way.

The success of ex-Secretary Whitney's cruisers has been acknowledged in a very handsome way by his successor. The example ought to have some effect on the Republican newspapers which gave such awful accounts of the doings and designs of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. The Indianapolis *Journal*, for instance, which propounded the theory that President Cleveland's character and history justified the suggestion that the banks were making him presents of $10,000 checks for keeping the Government balances in their hands, ought, now that President Harrison is keeping nearly the same balance in the same place, to come forward and say it is sorry to have been so silly and malignant. This sort of confession often does the man who makes it more good than the man who receives it. The war waged on Mr. Cleveland by the Republican press was a disgrace to the American name, and can only be excused by the fact that it came from men who, when ousted from office, felt that they had been robbed of valuable property. It is not unlikely that when the next change comes we shall see on all sides better manners and more candor.

Both the retiring Commissioner of Education and his successor are profoundly impressed with the progress which the South has been making of late years in building up a good public-school system. Mr. N. H. R. Dawson, in his last annual report, says that the increase of enrolment in the schools of that part of the country over the increase in population "has probably never before been paralleled in a country so long settled"; that "the sentiment in favor of free schools supported by public funds is becoming each year more universally prevalent"; and that "the public-school systems of the Southern States have been undergoing an unprecedented development under laws adapted in each case to local circumstances, *and are now practically all established on a permanent basis.*" Mr. Dawson's successor, Prof. W. T. Harris, has returned from a tour through the South, and reports that "in the more thickly settled States of the South, notably South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, popular education is making marvellous strides." Prof. Harris was particularly struck by the prevalence of the spirit of self-help: "the South is taking hold and helping itself," he says, after having been so long told by foolish Northern advisers that it must have help from outside. The statements of Mr. Dawson and Prof. Harris add further weight to the accumulating evidence that any scheme for Federal aid to education in the South is unnecessary and must be mischievous.

The Republican party continues to visit its wrath upon its members who reveal family secrets. Mr. Ainsworth, who told the truth in the New York Assembly last winter about the ceiling scandal, has failed of a renomination, though the chances for the return of the leaders in the job which caused the scandal are said to be good. It will be remembered that Mr. Ainsworth was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and conducted the first investigation of the ceiling expenditures. In a speech on the floor of the Assembly, in explaining his report, he made the following statement:

"We all know that politics was here last year thicker than the panels above us in this ceiling. And the only reason a commission was attached to this bill was for the simple purpose of taking care of the politics that was in the job on the eve of a Presidential election. Isn't that true? It was an unwise thing to do it. We ought not to have done it. We ought to have left it in the hands of Commissioner Perry, and let the politics take care of itself, and we would have had a Democratic President instead of a Republican if we had done it."

This very frank admission that if an honest ceiling had been built, Cleveland would have been elected President instead of Harrison, sealed Mr. Ainsworth's fate. He tried to explain away the speech, but it had been taken down by the official reporter and could not be suppressed. He has been thrown out of the party now, in accordance with the same inflexible moral code which has decreed that John J. O'Brien should be expelled because he put into his pocket the good Republican money which was given to him to buy votes with.

The last batch of postmaster appointments by the President contained that of Howard Wells, at Rock Island, Ill., vice August Huesing, removed. When Mr. Cleveland became President, he found the Rock Island office filled by C. W. Hawes, a Republican, who had been appointed by President Arthur only a few months before, his commission dating from July 4, 1884. Mr. Hawes was allowed to serve out his four years' term, and a little more, his successor not being installed until September 13, 1888, when a Democrat, August Huesing, was appointed. He retained the employees whom he found in the Post-office—three Republicans and two Democrats—and, as far as can be learned, has conducted the office in an efficient and unexceptionable manner. He is an excellent business man; has given the office his undivided atten-

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tion; is a director in the People's National Bank, and some ten years ago was elected Sheriff of Rock Island County (which was Republican by 900 to 1,000 majority) by 465 majority, and conducted the office with ability and to the general satisfaction of the people. Mr. Huesing's term would not expire until September, 1892, but he is removed in September, 1889, without any reason except the fact that he is a Democrat, and the Chairman of the Republican County Committee is appointed in his place. Shortly after his inauguration Gen. Harrison was quoted as saying that "we must do at least as well as Cleveland did" in the matter of allowing officials to serve out their terms, but he long since gave up all pretence of trying to do so.

The Minneapolis *Journal*, a Republican newspaper which is not edited by an office-holder, tells the truth about the present condition of civil-service reform, and the man who is responsible for it. Referring to the outbreak in the Republican party against the reform, in which the Congressman from the Minneapolis district has been conspicuous, the *Journal* declares that "there never was a time when the Civil-Service Law was more generally unpopular and more publicly condemned by those whose party is pledged to its support and extension." While the *Journal* hardly expects to see the Republicans in Congress go to the extent of repealing the Civil-Service Law, it confesses that there is manifestly no purpose to carry out the pledge of the Republican national platform, that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed," with anything like an honest purpose to make it a complete success. Whether or not this pledge shall be redeemed, the *Journal* holds, depends upon Mr. Harrison.

The country still waits to learn what candidate for the vacant office of Commissioner of Pensions shall have the "advice and consent" of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in consequence shall be named for the place by the obsequious servant of this organization who signs commissions. This is no "slander of the Mugwump press": it is the frank confession of Republican organs. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Press* reports that the President of the United States defers making any appointment, because "the President persisted that *he desired a man who had the unanimous endorsement of the G. A. R.*" It seems difficult to understand this prolonged delay of the Grand Army Machine to inform Gen. Harrison whom he must appoint, when there is one man who has "claims" which plainly outweigh all the rest. This is Gen. William W. Dudley. He believes thoroughly in Tannerism, which it is insisted must be maintained, but he has not Tanner's one fault of talking too much. He represents the Grand Army Machine, and believes that there should be no concealment of that Machine's purpose to run the Government, so far as it has any interest in the workings of the Government. He has had experience in the office, having been appointed to the place by Garfield in June, 1881, as a reward for his services in carrying Indiana for the Republicans in the election of 1880. He has put Harrison under far greater obligations than those which compelled Garfield to turn out a most efficient Pension Commissioner of the same party and give him the place in 1881. He was just as much entitled to the Commissionership of Pensions, according to the standards of the Harrison Administration, as Wanamaker was entitled to the Post-office Department. "By rights" he ought to have had the place last March. There is absolutely no good reason why he should be kept out of it now that it is vacant.

The report that the Republican State Committee of Ohio have invited Tanner to take the stump for Gov. Foraker is almost incredible, although the Governor has, with his customary recklessness, plunged Tanner as an issue into the Ohio campaign. Before Tanner's removal Foraker had been denouncing all attacks upon his pension policy as springing from Democratic hatred for Union soldiers, and as being, therefore, beneath any Republican's serious attention. The news of Tanner's removal came while Foraker was in the midst of a campaign speech, and was such a blow to what he had been saying in previous speeches that he was naturally somewhat irritated by it. He broke forth at once into the following "impassioned" view of it:

> "That good, gallant, and most-beloved no-legged soldier, Corporal Tanner, has been removed from his position, for what reason we know not, but we propose, and are going, to know why he was removed. If Tanner does not go back, I want a man put in his place who will carry on business in the same style. It is evident that an obscure member of the Cabinet, who was never heard of before his elevation to that position, has been instrumental in removing Mr. Tanner from office."

The astute editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* is suspected of discovering the inflammatory character of this passage when it came to him in the Governor's speech; at all events, it did not appear in the report of that speech published in his paper of the following day. It did appear, however, in other papers, and has caused great anxiety, chiefly because the "obscure member of the Cabinet" alluded to by Foraker has a millionaire brother living in Ohio who has hitherto been a heavy contributor to Republican campaign funds. Efforts have been made to deny that Foraker said what is attributed to him, but the production of a number of affidavits from persons who heard his speech has prompted him to admit that he used substantially the language quoted. If Tanner, whose mouth is said officially to have been so destructive to his own interests as to cause his removal, joins forces on the stump with Foraker, whose mouth has also a national reputation for dangerous explosiveness, there will be a campaign in Ohio which will be worth following.

Every good soldier who is honest about it will frankly admit that there were a great many men in the Union Army who were cowards and sneaks and bummers, and that these men are, as a rule, the most urgent in demanding pensions. The editor of the Portland *Oregonian*, the leading Republican paper of Oregon, who served in the Union Army, declared some time since in the columns of that journal that he knew of his own knowledge that, "since the passage of the Arrears of Pensions Act, about every shirk and utterly worthless veteran of his brigade has been a successful applicant for a pension." In one case a wagoner who lost his leg by tumbling off his team while helplessly drunk, got a pension on the plea that he had lost it in action with the enemy. In another case a man swore to having received injuries in a battle at which he was not present, and described his regiment as supporting a battery, when it was in a thick wood distant half-a-mile from any artillery. In several instances within the editor's knowledge, men who escaped from service by shooting off their fingers have received arrears of pensions as if for honorable wounds. In one case a New England merchant worth at least $50,000, who never was in action, and who resigned after less than three months' service, has mortified his decent comrades by trying to get a pension, on the plea that he could trace his present condition of imperfect health to a catarrh he suffered from while in service.

Mr. Bryce, the publisher of the *North American Review*, last week had a printer committed for trial for offering to sell his subscription list to the *Forum*, a competing magazine, which handsomely informed against the offender. This is the crime which Messrs. Quay and Clarkson tried to commit against the *Voice* during the last Presidential canvass, but nothing was ever done to bring them to justice, though the *Voice* threatened it for some time. Clarkson is now figuring as Assistant Postmaster-General, and delighting the Boys by the enormous number of Democratic postmasters he has removed, instead of being brought up, as he ought to have been, for grand larceny. As to Quay, it would be ridiculous to pursue him for larceny until he has answered that charge of the Philadelphia *Press* of having done something to the State Treasury before which "Republicans would stand dumb." We have several times tried to get the *Press*, and even our esteemed contemporary the Philadelphia *Ledger*, to say what they thought this offence of Quay's was, but they also "stand dumb" about it, and Quay's fame and power in the meantime continue to grow.

The reinstatement of Dr. Sherer in the place as Government chemist from which ex-Secretary Fairchild dismissed him with opprobrium, almost completes the righting process which Mr. Fairchild left for his successor. We doubt, judging from the report of an interview with him in Sunday's *Herald*, whether Mr. Fairchild understands to this hour what was the fault which fair-minded men found with his treatment of Dr. Sherer. It was that on the faith of a ridiculous report made by a paid

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and untrustworthy detective in a field with which he was not familiar, he (Mr. Fairchild) not only made a violent attack on Dr. Sherer's character in an official report for which he could not be called to account in a court of law, but followed it up by disgraceful dismissal without trial from a salaried place. This was as gross an abuse of power as ever was perpetrated in time of peace. What Mr. Fairchild would now do, if he understood his position and wished to vindicate himself in his action towards the Sherers and others, is to produce even two or three impartial and intelligent men who do not consider the Byrne report a ludicrous document, and the Secretary's mode of directing Byrne's inquisition un-American, unlawyer-like, and unfair and unconstitutional.

Vermont and New Hampshire are both very anxious to increase their population, which is steadily dwindling outside of a few cities and large towns. Organized efforts are making in each State to bring in people from outside to cultivate the abandoned farms, and it is even proposed to send to Sweden and Norway for immigrants. But why is the most obvious source of supply overlooked? There are tens and hundreds of thousands of negroes in the South who want to leave their present homes, and whose white neighbors want to have them leave. There is serious talk of a movement to transport them in large numbers to the Territories in the Northwest which cover the same degrees of latitude as Vermont and New Hampshire. Why not invite them into New England, and, if they need help to get there, raise money to bring them? New England is perfectly sure that it understands how to solve "the negro problem," and nothing would help the country so much as to see a couple of New England States furnish an object-lesson by filling up their dwindling towns with negroes, doubling the length of the scant school rolls with the names of negro children, turning over to negro postmasters the offices of the pleasant summer resorts in the White and Green Mountains which correspond to such places as Bay St. Louis and Ocean Springs on the Gulf Coast, and generally giving the negroes that perfect equality which they are denied in the South. There ought to be "money in it" to satisfy Yankee thrift, and, quite aside from pecuniary considerations, the chance to show the rest of the nation how perfectly simple any question is when a New Englander tackles it is too good to be lost. Let us hear no more about New England trying to tempt Norwegians and Swedes across the ocean when there are any quantity of negroes within twenty-four hours' railroad ride ready and anxious to come.

There was an unpleasant suggestion made to a reporter on Thursday by a gentleman who is supposed to enjoy "inside" views of city politics, that the proposal to take a slice of the Park was not seriously made, and was to be withdrawn as soon as it had drawn the fire of public disapproval, and that its failure was then to be made an argument in favor of more extensive territory immediately above the Park, which was, when the Exposition was over, to be expropriated and added to the Park, thus doubtless relieving a good many owners of lots in that vicinity of burdens too grievous to be borne and bettering the property of others. We do not know whether there is any foundation for this story or not, but we must express the earnest hope that none of the Committee will do or say, or allow to be done or said in their behalf, anything which will give the public the impression that there is a real-estate ring behind the Exposition. The non-political members will do well to keep this in mind. It must be remembered that Tammany, which is deeply interested in the scheme, has always been noted for its passion for real estate. All its great chiefs have made fortunes in uptown lots. To say nothing of Tweed, John Kelly, who for thirty years had no calling, died the possessor of whole blocks of Harlem property. The public has not forgotten these things. We must have no odor of this sort about the Exposition, and one way to prevent it is to avoid all indirection in communications made to the public, and all appearance of keeping back anything. It seems a great pity that the Committee on Sites cannot make up their minds to go right out to the Harlem River, where they can get all the open space needed close on the water, with limitless facilities for transportation. If they continue talking of attacking the Central Park, or of fiddling with Park lots, we venture to predict they will raise enough hostility by next January to put in peril the whole scheme of an Exposition in New York.

The unfortunate stockholders of the London dock companies are now at last beginning to make themselves heard. The theory of the philanthropists who egged on the strikers and sent them subscriptions was, as usual in such cases, that they were helping a large body of poor men to resist the tyranny of a bloated corporation. The solemn truth is, that they were insisting that a body of poor people who had invested their savings in docks should support for an indefinite period a large body of "casual" laborers, for whose presence in the city and for whose hardships they are no more responsible than Cardinal Manning. When the docks were first made, they were considered a good "widow and orphan" investment, and large numbers of poor women and professional men invested their little all in them. On this class the fall in the shares has come with terrible severity. The London Dock Company has of late only paid 1 per cent., and the East and West India Docks nothing at all. When trade began to revive, these poor stockholders began to hope that better times were in store for them, when suddenly John Burns and Cardinal Manning and other philanthropists appeared on the scene and told them the wages they were paying were shamefully low, and that they must support some thousands of "casuals" now in London in greater comfort, and at the same time make some provision for others still to arrive from the country. To the question whether the burden might not be shared by other classes who were better off, the answer was no, that the casuals lived round the docks and liked the work of unloading ships, and preferred being taken care of by dock stockholders, no matter how poor they were.

So many reballotings will be necessary in the French elections that the size of the Government's majority is still uncertain, but that it has a working majority there appears to be no doubt. The despatches tell us little or nothing as to the fate of the purely Boulangist candidates—that is, of candidates nominated avowedly as followers of Boulanger. Their success has apparently been but small. The great bulk of the Opposition consists of Bonapartists and Legitimists, who as a rule worked together, on the principle of anything to overthrow the Republic. The result of the election, should the present calculations prove correct, really sets the Republic on its legs for an indefinite period. No other Government, since the Revolution of 1789, has received a similar vote of confidence at the end of twenty years' trial. On the contrary, each of them has, at the stage of existence which the Republic has now reached, proved ripe for destruction. The probabilities are, too, that the issue submitted to the electors having been virtually the overthrow or perpetuation of the Republic, the majority now returned will be more homogeneous, and, for the present at least, more disposed to work together than any that the Ministry has had to depend on for many years back.

The contest between the Republic and Boulanger would have been an ignoble and humiliating one for the Republicans, if it were not that the Bonapartists and Legitimists had made common cause with him. Both Prince Victor and the Comte de Paris issued manifestoes in which they advised their following to support the Boulangist candidacy on the ground that it would help bring about a revision of the Constitution. They each have a curious confidence that revision will be sure to bring him good luck. Prince Victor's theory is, that an appeal to universal suffrage would lead to the reëstablishment of the Empire as the true and only democratic government, while the Comte de Paris is equally confident that if the country wants a monarch at all, it will take him. Each, too, expresses absolute confidence that, if he were put on the throne, French troubles would cease, and the new form of government become permanent. But it is difficult for any one who knows the history of France during the last hundred years to read their proclamations without a smile, there is such a Cheap-Jack air about them. Boulanger was plunged in great perplexity as to the effect on his fortunes of his continued absence from the country, and tried to counteract it by offering to come home and stand a trial by court-martial; but this of course the Government would not heed.

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THE SCANDAL PROSPECT.

SHREWD, though doubtless cynical, observers are beginning to say that the present Administration will produce a crop of scandals which will place it fully on a level with Grant's second term, of unsavory memory. The air is already, in the first six months, full of signs pointing in that direction. In the first place, Gen. Harrison fatally weakened himself on the moral side by giving Wanamaker a place in the Cabinet after having been fully informed of, and asked to investigate, this worthy's attempt to obtain, by a corrupt consideration, a very large sum of money for campaign purposes from the Pacific railroads in the last week of the campaign. In the next place, a candidate who comes into the Presidential chair by an enormous expenditure of money, through a man of notoriously bad character like Quay, on the tariff issue, is mortgaged to the corruptionists from the beginning.

We mean nothing offensive to honest supporters of the protectionist theory when we say, that the chief supporters of a high tariff must of necessity be men to whom the tariff is an investment, and who will, therefore, defend it, as they would defend any other kind of property, by all the means within their reach. If they cannot get rid of their assailants in any other way, they will buy them off, and thank God they have the means to do it. In other words, a high tariff is sure sooner or later to beget corruption on a great scale. It means definite gain or loss in dollars and cents, to a few rich men, and they will therefore always, as long as human nature is what it is, meet arguments against it by checks in its favor. Our tariff is defended in this way, and will be as long as it exists, and the result is naturally and inevitably the diffusion through the whole body politic of the money view. It introduces the money standard into every public office and puts a price on every vote, and brings into prominence as politicians all the moneyed men of the country *quâ* moneyed men. The consequence is, that Gen. Harrison's Cabinet meetings and consultations during the last six months have really been attempts to satisfy his creditors, the wool-growers and manufacturers, who set him up in business and now want a first dividend. They expect him to pay 100 cents on the dollar, but will take it in instalments. To this state of things we owe the attack on the surplus through Tanner. That Tanner was put in the Pension Office to dissipate the surplus, and so destroy one of the leading arguments for the reduction of the tariff, is, we presume, now believed by nine-tenths of the voters. A shrewder man than Gen. Harrison—Blaine, for instance—would, perhaps, in like circumstances have done the same thing, but he would have done it in a more discreet way. He would not have selected for the work a noisy blatherskite like Tanner, but some quiet, canny lawyer or business man, like Maynard, for instance, who would have eaten into the surplus, on the white-ant plan, without alarming the public.

So, also, a shrewder man, in Gen. Harrison's place, would not have made his chief lieutenant in New York a man like Platt, who was an object of universal ridicule and contempt in 1880, whose capacity as a jobber is notorious, and who is not and never has been associated in the public mind with any politics but corrupt politics. Of course it is as certain as anything of the kind can be, not only that Platt will plunge the Administration into scandals, but that the public will be on the lookout for a scandal whenever they catch sight of Platt. Of this the selection of the Custom-house site is a fair example. That the Bowling Green has been chosen, in spite of the protests of the great bulk of the merchants—that is, of the parties most interested—in order to forward a real-estate speculation in which Platt and Elkins and other Republican jobbers are interested, is to-day the general belief in this city. There is nothing in Platt's career to upset this belief. On the contrary, everything that is known of his history goes to confirm it. He probably would not be the least ashamed of it if it were proved against him in open court to-morrow. In fact, he would probably chuckle over it as a revelation of his smartness.

The sudden raising of duties by appraisers on various articles, in defiance or evasion of the decisions of the courts, was, it is true, an abuse started covertly under the late Administration, but it is being carried on with the utmost boldness by the present one. That the Custom-house here is being managed for purposes of this sort by a set of politicians, among whom Plummer and Platt are the chiefs, for the direct purpose of helping their own private business, is also generally believed, and there are things occurring every day to confirm this belief. There is, in short, every possible sign that the Administration has surrendered the Custom-house and the Pension Bureau to its creditors to enable them to recoup themselves for advances made during the late campaign; and one of the most important of these signs is the gross disregard of his pledges displayed by President Harrison in the selection of his subordinates. President Cleveland gave way to the spoilsmen, it is true, but he did not do so without a struggle, and until he had been two years in office. Gen. Harrison has done so without a moment's delay and without the slightest resistance.

What is, perhaps, most painful in the situation is the exhibition the President is making of that most sorrowful, and only too frequent, phenomenon of our day, the possession of a double conscience, one for the church and the Sunday-school, and another for politics and business. The calm and publicity with which a great many men of his type work this curious moral machinery, is puzzling as well as startling, and suggests the existence of some hideous break in the hold of our modern religion on conduct, which the Church has not as yet managed to discover and deal with. And yet we assert that it is at this moment doing more to sap the faith of the younger generation in Christianity than all other influences combined.

ADVANCES TO DISBURSING OFFICERS.

THE advancing of funds to disbursing officers of the Government, about which there has been so much said in connection with Secretary Windom's recent explanation of the increase of the public debt, constitutes one of the most memorable bones of contention known to the Treasury Department. There was no room whatever in the original Treasury scheme for anything of the sort. The act establishing that department assumes all the way through that a warrant drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary for the payment of money will be based on an account settled and certified by the Comptroller. But everybody knows that Hamilton, nevertheless, advanced moneys whenever he considered it expedient, and for so doing was most virulently assailed by the Democrats of his day. In his long and interesting "Explanation" (to be found on page 81 of volume 7 of Mr. Lodge's Life), Hamilton frankly confessed that if the proper appropriation act had been passed, he considered it justifiable, as well before as after the service was performed or the supply obtained for which the fund was designed, to make disbursements from the Treasury for the object, if it appeared safe and expedient so to do. Such a course, one can see, was necessarily taken for the good of the service, but surely it was liable to great abuse, and a careful man would have urged Congressional sanction for such a power. The committee of investigation appointed by the House of Representatives inquired very closely into all these matters during the Administration of Jefferson. Gallatin informed them that a custom had prevailed before he became Secretary of paying moneys out of the Treasury not only in advance of a settlement by the auditors, but even of an appropriation by Congress. The Secretary used to write a simple letter directing the Treasurer to pay, and the irregularity was afterwards corrected by securing an appropriation and drawing the formal warrant.

Under Gallatin many of the safeguards were erected which still exist, restricting the discretion of Treasury officials and others in making advances. In 1823 it was enacted that "no advance of public money shall be made in any case whatever." But it was provided that "under the special direction of the President" such advances should be made to the disbursing officers of the Government as the faithful and prompt discharge of their duties and the fulfilment of the public engagements might require. A case arose in 1843 (Williams vs. The United States) calling for a construction of this law. The sureties of the Marshal of the District of Columbia maintained that they were not liable for the large sums due from their principal, because they had been advanced him without the special direction of the President. It was proved, however, that the President had given directions in writing a short time after the act was passed, specially authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to make proper advances to various classes of disbursing officers—marshals and others

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—and the Supreme Court held this sufficient. The language of the decision is worth quoting:

"While it has been doubtless the object of Congress *to secure economy* and regularity in public disbursements, and for that end *to limit*, as far as was proper, *the discretion* of subordinate agents over the public money, it never can be reasonable to ascribe to them a conduct which must defeat every beneficial end they could have had in view, and render the Government an absolutely impracticable machine."

It is generally supposed that prior to the year 1853, when President Pierce furnished a list of officers to whom advances might be made, special directions issued from the President in each case, in literal execution of the statute. But this old case which we have cited turned upon the proof of a similar standing order of the Executive issued in or about 1823, which was among the papers destroyed in the burning of the Treasury. The contents were, under these circumstances, shown by clerks acquainted with them. President Pierce, however, attached a most important limitation to his standing direction. "In no case," he enjoined, "where the agent is to give security, shall the amount in his hands at any one time exceed the amount of his security."

Though subsequent Presidents have modified Pierce's order by including officers not known in his day, this restriction has stood unchanged, and forms the very groundwork of the function of the accounting officers in countersigning requisitions for advances. Comptroller Lawrence especially observed it and continually harped upon it. Every officer, whether stationed in the departments or elsewhere, who disburses public moneys usually gives bond with security. Their requests for advances are scrutinized by the comptrollers in order to determine whether the amount asked for added to the amount at the time in their hands exceeds the penalty of their bonds. This is not always done. It cannot, indeed, in all cases be done, for the very good reason that as the same officer frequently deals with several auditors, and there is no general registry where all balances are brought, it is impossible to determine how his accounts stand. The same disbursing agent may draw the same day requisitions which will go through different hands and be subjected to no intelligent scrutiny, for the reason that each comptroller is distinct from the other, and neither has full means of determining the condition of affairs. But it is true, notwithstanding, that the head of the Treasury Department, under the law and executive orders, is prevented from making advances beyond what is "necessary to the faithful and prompt discharge" of the duties of these disbursing agents, and that the penalty of the bond is the guide. In no case should that be exceeded. If he has no proper means of keeping the check of the accounting officers upon these agents, by reason of a faulty or deranged internal system, it is plainly his duty to bring about, by his own efforts or by the aid of legislation, such a change as will enable him to retain his peace of mind when he attaches his signature to the countless warrants placed before him.

MORE ABOUT THE SITE OF THE FAIR.

If we are to have the Fair in New York, time is of the last importance in making the preparations. In fact, the Committee ought to be able to go before Congress in December or January and say: "We have an organization; we have a suitable site all ready; we have the hearty support of the people of the city and State, and we have a reasonable prospect of so much money. We ask now the pecuniary aid of the National Government, and its sanction and support for the invitations we shall address to foreign nations."

As matters stand at present, what the Committee seems likely to have to say to Congress is this: "We have an organization, and some hope of some money. We cannot yet say how much. We have no site, but we shall have a tolerably good one if we succeed in repealing an act of the Legislature which forbids our occupying the Central Park, and if we can come to terms with some eight hundred owners of real estate outside the Park. To the repeal of the statute we shall, it is true, encounter the fierce opposition of probably three-fourths of the inhabitants of the city, and perhaps that of the Governor; and the arrangement with the private owners for permission to occupy their land will be a task of enormous difficulty, and will take a great deal of time—probably all the time we have for preparation. The sooner Congress makes us a very large appropriation, therefore, the better, for we shall probably need it to buy up the Legislature and settle with the real-estate men."

The extraordinary haste, not to say levity, with which the Committee fixed on the site has been substantially admitted by their principal organ, the *Times*, on Tuesday. It shows that they have marked out for themselves fully twice the space taken for the Paris Exposition, and that two-thirds of this was selected where they must have known the choice would excite violent, if not fatal, opposition—the Central Park. Their attention for the last three or four days has been confined to meeting the objections to the invasion of the Park; but on discovering how formidable this is, they have at last asked themselves the question which they ought to have asked in the beginning, "What have we got outside of the Park?" Well, what they have appropriated in their mind's eye outside the Park besides the Riverside and Morningside Parks, is a large number of vacant lots, the property of private individuals, to the value of $48,000,000, and they seem actually to have assumed without asking that the owners of these would lease them to them for a trifle. This of course is in the highest degree improbable. The great bulk of these owners are doubtless more or less burdened by these lots, and only too eager to make something out of them that will help them carry them while waiting for a sale. If the Committee want them, they will unquestionably have to pay high prices for them, whether they rent or purchase them. Some owners will very likely refuse either to rent or to sell, and the most curious feature of the situation is that the refusal of a single owner, occupying a central position, would stop the enterprise. Each of these 800 owners, in fact, would hold the *liberum veto* of the Polish Diet. That this simple, obvious, and most important fact has at last dawned on the minds of the Committee the article in Tuesday's *Times* shows. Assuming that the Committee would manage to do without the whole, and content itself with a narrow strip north of the Park held by 125 owners, the *Times* says:

"One of the most serious problems with which the Committee on Site must contend will be that of securing this or any other territory in the neighborhood of the Park. With unlimited funds at hand it would, of course, be easy to acquire as much property as might be needed outright by purchase. With everything financial thus far in the air, the question is beset with vexatious possibilities. It is hardly to be hoped that 125 owners could be brought to one frame of mind in respect to a matter affecting their material interests. If their property were not to be purchased from them, it is quite conceivable that they may not all agree to pass it over to the managers of the Fair to do with as the managers may like for the next four years."

The proposed mode of dealing with this difficulty has the same air of mingled eccentricity and levity. The Tammany Corporation Counsel has, we believe, given an opinion that lots might be "condemned" for the use of the Committee and bought at an appraisement, and the *Times* tells us that Mr. W. E. D. Stokes, the Secretary of the Committee on Legislation, "thinks that the Legislature can authorize the appraisement and condemnation of all the land the Fair may require, and that it can then be bought in in the usual way." This is worthy of a Youngster in a Republican newspaper office. The Legislature can take no man's property except for "public use," and the use of a fair got up by a private association to celebrate the discovery of America is not "public use," *pace* the Tammany Counsel. If a man's property could be taken for a large fair, it might be taken for a small one, and we might any of us be legislated out of house and home if any of our neighbors wanted to hold a "fair" on our land. Of one thing the Committee may rest assured, no owner of land who does not wish to surrender it to the Exposition will sit down under this exposition of the law either by the learned Mr. Clarke or the sanguine Mr. Stokes. He will fight their interpretation of "public use" tooth and nail up to the Court of Appeals, and we venture to say no lawyer of repute doubts that he will win; but, win or lose, the litigation would work fatal delay. And then consider for a moment the time necessary for negotiation with 125 greedy owners, each anxious to make what he could out of the occasion.

The apparent failure to consider all these points, combined with the recent great activity in the enterprise of the eminent Tammany contractor and politician, Mr. Crimmins, is leading thousands to ask with increasing earnestness whether the enormous appropriation of land outside the Park, covered with these difficulties, was ever seriously meant; whether in fact the real design all along has not been to select an unnecessarily

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large area, part in the Park and part out, and then plead the obstacles to the use of the outside tract as an excuse for a larger encroachment on the Park, until the whole was absorbed; or whether the talk of "condemning" property for the use of the Fair is not really meant to prepare the public for its condemnation for the use of the Park, which even if unnecessary would be legal, and at any rate would relieve a good many owners of unsalable lots at good prices, and run up the value of a good many others. At all events the whole site, with its rocky eminences, numerous sunken lots, with the vast prospects of dumping and excavating thus afforded (filling up the Harlem Mere is part of the scheme), with its jaunty indifference to public opinion, its violent changes of sentiment on the part of some of its prominent advocates, bristles with suggestions of hidden impropriety which are finding very unpleasant lodgment in the public mind, and which the members of the Committee ought for their own sakes to make an effort to dissipate.

It ought not to be forgotten—and we do not offer it as a suggestion, but as a memorandum—that the city owns large open spaces, notably Van Cortlandt Park and Pelham Bay Park—each ready for occupation for any purpose; that they can be had at once for the purposes of the Fair, without cost, without negotiation or litigation; that all the money which would be spent in buying out the Harlem lot-owners or tearing the Central Park to pieces, might at Van Cortlandt Park be spent in providing means of communication to any desired extent, which would retain their value after the Fair was over; that the "noble buildings" which are to be put up and all other improvements made for the Fair might there be retained permanently, to the public advantage and the advantage of the neighboring property-owners, and that under this arrangement the Committee could go to Congress in December and say that it had its site ready and had the people of New York at its back.

COURAGE IN POLITICS.

THE St. Louis *Republic* prints a letter from ex-Senator Ross of Kansas, now a resident of Deming, New Mexico, regarding his course in voting for the acquittal of Andrew Johnson twenty-one years ago. The letter is full of interest, both as recalling one of the most important crises in our national history, and as shedding light upon the character of the man whose vote turned the scales when the future of the Government was trembling in the balance. The future of the Government, we say—for it is now generally conceded by thoughtful students of our institutions that the success of the impeachment scheme would have worked an irrevocable change in the character and operation of the system established by the Constitution. That system was based upon the division of all powers between the executive, the legislative, and the judicial departments, and was intended to secure the independence of each department within its proper bounds. The controlling minds in the Convention which framed the Constitution were especially impressed with the necessity of securing the independence of the Executive. "Experience," said Madison during the discussions, "proves a tendency in our governments to throw all powers into the legislative vortex. The executives of the States are in general little more than ciphers; the legislatures omnipotent. If no effectual check be devised on the encroachments of the latter, a revolution will be inevitable." In the same vein Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist*:

"The tendency of the legislative authority to absorb every other has been fully displayed and illustrated. In governments purely republican this tendency is almost irresistible. The representatives of the people, in a popular assembly, seem sometimes to fancy that they are the people themselves, and betray strong symptoms of impatience and disgust at the least sign of opposition from any other quarter; as if the exercise of its rights, by either the executive or judiciary, were a breach of their privilege and an outrage to their dignity. They often appear disposed to exert an imperious control over the other departments; and as they commonly have the people on their side, they always act with such momentum as to make it very difficult for the other members of the Government to maintain the balance of the Constitution."

This natural tendency of the legislative authority to absorb all power was greatly strengthened just after the war by Andrew Johnson's break with the party which had elected him, and especially by the pig-headedness of the man. The fact that the people of the country sympathized with Congress in its prolonged and bitter controversy with the President, gave a further impetus to the tendency which Madison had observed in the colonies, a century before, to "throw all powers into the legislative vortex." The movement to get rid of an obnoxious President by a prostitution of the prerogative of impeachment was the logical outgrowth of the latent disposition of Congress to usurp the whole governing power, roused into action by a combination of circumstances calculated to insure its fullest development.

It was, of course, essential in framing the Constitution that some way should be provided for getting rid of a President who might try to overturn the Government, trade his authority for money, or behave otherwise like an abandoned wretch. It was, therefore, provided that a President might be tried, and if found guilty by two-thirds of the Senate, deposed for such offences as "treason, bribery, and other high crimes and misdemeanors." This latter clause was interpreted by Story as covering only offences which "may be utterly incompatible with the public safety and interests, or may bring the Government itself into disgrace and obloquy." Nobody now pretends that Johnson had been guilty of any such offences. The trouble with him was that, so far as he could, he blocked the reconstruction schemes of the Thad Stevens school of Congressional politicians, and was "dreffful aggravatin'" about the way he did it. His removal, upon the charges on which he was brought to trial, would have been, as Mr. Ross forcibly characterizes it, "a Presidential eviction under the lash."

If the movement had succeeded, there can be no doubt that the Presidency would have lost for all future time its due weight of authority, and that the Executive would have been merely the supple tool of Congress. The balance thus disturbed, the Supreme Court would logically and inevitably have been the next object of Congressional attack. A partisan majority which resented the use of the Presidential veto to defeat the enactment of laws that it wanted to pass, would not long have allowed a Supreme Court, after those laws had been enacted, to declare them "null and void," as the Supreme Court a few years later did annul such important measures as the Civil-Rights Act. The effect of such a revolution would have been to make Congress the sole repository of power, and to put all the processes of government at the mercy of the majority in a party caucus. The melancholy spectacle presented in France of late years—of a powerless executive, a legislative department pulled hither and thither by tides of popular feeling, and thus a government which inspires neither confidence at home nor respect abroad—would have been seen in the United States. Mr. Ross does not exaggerate when he says that "the logical end would have been anarchy."

From this utter wreck of the republican experiment in America we were saved only by the courage of Mr. Ross and the six other Republican Senators who voted with him for the acquittal of Johnson. The votes of all seven were essential, but at the time Mr. Ross was treated as the man who turned the scales, inasmuch as the verdict of the other six had been foreshadowed, while his course was left in doubt. He may well rejoice that he has been allowed to live long enough to see his action endorsed by the American people, as it is now endorsed by the people without distinction of party. In this respect he has been more fortunate than his more famous associates, Fessenden and Grimes, who died only one year and four years after the trial, before full justice had been done to their conscientiousness and courage.

A striking and impressive feature of this crisis in our national history is the fact that the man who thus preserved the Government as the framers of the Constitution established it, was not a trained statesman, like Fessenden, and Trumbull, and Grimes, and that he had secured this chance to make his name for ever remembered through the accident of death creating a vacancy in the representation of Kansas in the Senate, which he was first appointed and subsequently elected to fill. He had been working as a printer only a short time before his entrance into the Senate, and he is back again at his old trade in New Mexico, after having served as Governor of that Territory under Cleveland. But this quiet, plain man rose to the level of an occasion which called for the highest courage and statesmanship, and, twenty years later, though he approaches old age in obscurity, he enjoys the satisfaction of seeing his services to the republic recognized and confessed by all thoughtful men.

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ANAHEIM, RIVERSIDE, SAN DIEGO.—I.

PORTLAND, Ore., September, 1889.

AFTER taking in the sights of Los Angeles, including the palms and orange groves, the cable-car scenery and Chinatown, which have been often enough described, it will repay the tourist to devote a week or two to a round trip through that part of the State which lies south of Los Angeles, as far as San Diego and Tia Juana on the Mexican border. Take a ticket to Riverside, via Orange, and stop over a day at Anaheim, which commands a specially fine view of the snow-capped San Gabriel range and the giant San Bernardino. Anaheim is known as the "mother colony," having been founded as early as 1858 by a party of fifty Germans from San Francisco, in search of a pleasant site for homes and good soil for raising Rhine wine. To-day the population is no longer exclusively German, nor is wine-making the chief industry, for Anaheim enjoys the sad distinction of being the place where the destructive vine disease originated, and now there are few good vineyards left in the vicinity, though the cellars of the hospitable families are still well stocked with a Riesling that unmistakably betrays its legitimate descent from the celebrated Johannisberger stock on the Rhine. Undaunted by their misfortune, the Anaheimers have dug out their dead vines and planted in their place oranges, walnuts, pampas plums, and figs, which in a few years will bear as rich fruit and as big profits as the former vineyards. The fields and orchards are supplied with water through a ditch from the Santa Ana River, sixteen miles long, and lined all the way with willows. A drive along this ditch is interesting, as is a visit to the ostrich farm, two or three miles from the town. If a longer stay is contemplated, there is excellent hunting of wild goose, ducks, and other waterfowl, all the way from Anaheim to the ocean, while in the cactus fields around the town may be found quails and pigeons, and the sportive jackrabbit abounds. In hunting him you not only satisfy the craving for murder of some sort, which still lingers as a relic of savagery in the gentlest human breast, but you do a great service to the farmers, who are sometimes obliged, in self-defence, to organize rabbit drives, at which two or three thousand of the long-eared, fleet-footed robbers are killed.

The town of Orange, between Anaheim and Riverside, already gives warning of the neighborhood of the State's orange centre. The station, in the springtime, is piled up to the ceiling with boxes of oranges, and near by a number of men are busily at work wiping the golden fruit with wet rags and rolling it down inclined boards to dry, preparatory to packing. The fruit is generally bought on the tree by the packing companies, who send round their men with ladders, and sacks suspended around their necks, from which the fruit is transferred to boxes to be repacked afterwards, the bruised or imperfect ones being thrown out, so that three boxes (of the seedlings at any rate) yield only two for the market. Orange-picking is painted by the imagination as the most poetic of all agricultural employments, and nothing, certainly, could look more picturesque than the boxes of luscious fruit scattered through an orchard, under the dark-green fragrant trees; but the orange-tree, like the rose-bush that loves to twine around it, bristles with thorns, which cry for blood, and make orange-picking about as exciting and perilous a pursuit as rabbit-hunting amid the cactus bushes.

The town of Orange still belongs to Los Angeles County, but before reaching Riverside we have entered San Bernardino County, the largest in the United States—"about the size of the States of Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, and Massachusetts combined." The counties of Southern California are very much larger than those of the central and northern part of the State, and as the population increases they will doubtless be subdivided. Thus a strong movement is now on foot to take the southern part of Los Angeles County and make the new county of Orange out of it. But it is doubtful if San Bernardino County will be divided very soon, for the greater part of it is comprised in the irredeemable Mojave Desert. The region west of the Bernardino range, however, is one of the most valuable in the State, experience having shown that it is the chosen home of the orange. Los Angeles County has many fine and luxuriant orange groves, and more of them than San Bernardino County, yet to see California orange culture in its highest perfection one must go to Riverside. Nowhere else do the orchards seem so luxuriant and so well cultivated, or the fruit and trees so glossy and clean. Here the oranges do not need cleaning with a rag, owing to the absence of the black scale which elsewhere often gives the leaves and fruit a dirty appearance. The white scale-bug, too, which destroys the trees, has thus far spared Riverside groves, and in the business street of the town a notice is posted warning purchasers of orange trees not to import any from infected counties. The orange is not indigenous to California, as it is to Mexico and Florida; it does not flourish here without some care, and becomes remunerative in proportion to the amount of care bestowed on it. A glance at the well-ploughed, weedless, carefully irrigated orchards of Riverside at once explains the enormous profits realized by local growers; and an incident that occurred at Anaheim throws further light on the matter. Noticing a couple of malodorous freight-cars on the side track, I asked a man what they contained. "Manure," he replied, "from the numerous sheep corrals in the neighborhood, and bound for Riverside," adding that this had been found the best manure for oranges, and that in a few years the Anaheimers who now foolishly sold their treasure would be importing it from elsewhere at an exorbitant price. Rows of cypress trees are planted along the edge of every orchard, and sometimes even traverse the orchard in several places, to serve as windbreaks; for though there are no hurricanes to provide against, the desert wind is sometimes sufficiently boisterous to shake down bushels of unripe fruit and break the heavily-laden branches, unless thus protected.

The best way to see the Riverside orange groves, and marvel at their extent, is to ride or walk along Magnolia Avenue, doubtless the finest avenue in America. It is laid out a distance of twelve miles, and seven miles are now finished. Between the road and the houses on each side are four rows of tall eucalyptus and spreading pepper trees, and two rows of fan palms, ten to twenty feet in height, and growing more beautiful every year. Nor is this fine avenue a monopoly of carriage-owners, for the poorest can enjoy its sights by paying ten cents for a ride on the street-cars which have their track under a row of pepper trees, without interfering with the broad carriage drive. In this way Riverside spreads itself out, covering a territory, orchards included, of fifty-four square miles, and almost realizing the ideal of one of those California "rural cities of the future" sketched in my last letter. The grounds of some of the elegant villas which line this road are thrown open to the public, and one of them, which I examined, with its extensive stables, shady walks, hammocks, tennis grounds, and notices of club meetings and *al-fresco* teas, had an air of hospitality and sociability recalling the life on Southern plantations before the civil war. The large adobe house, a relic of the Spanish occupation, was deliciously cool on a warm day, and the owner said he did not find it unhealthy. He showed me through his extensive orchard, and, with a large table-knife, cut open specimens of more than half-a-dozen different kinds of budded oranges for me to taste. They were all sweet and juicy, but he had to admit himself that the differences in flavor were not so pronounced as the differences in the original homes of these varieties led one to expect. California fruit-growers doubtless attempt too much in seeking to raise oranges from so many different countries in the same field without losing their characteristic flavor. This difference in flavor is due to differences in soil and climate, and can only be preserved and reproduced in a similar soil and climate. As California fortunately has an infinite variety of climates and soil, it is probable that the problem of raising Italian, Spanish, Mexican, and Florida oranges all in the same State will yet be solved, but not in one and the same orchard. The Spanish blood-orange, for instance, the most delicately-flavored of all oranges, is rarely seen in California, and when I asked why, I was told that it was inclined to sport and lose its characteristics. There is a fortune in store for the man who finds out under what conditions this variety flourishes in Spain, and seeks out a similar locality for them at home. Another excellent variety, the Florida russet, I never saw on the Pacific Coast. Its appearance is against it, and it is difficult to teach people to select their fruit for the palate rather than the eye.

Riverside is a little too far inland to get much benefit from the ocean breezes, but it is surrounded by mountains, snow-capped till summer, which to some extent atone for this disadvantage, and which make Riverside, from a scenic point of view, one of the most attractive places in the State. This, combined with its horticultural prosperity, causes it to grow rapidly, and among the newcomers and the old there are a large number of English families, who, of course, endeavor to bring their household gods and customs with them. Foremost among these is the fox-hunt; but as there are no foxes to be hunted, the simple-minded plebeian jackrabbit has to take the place of his astute, bushy-tailed colleague. There are no fences to jump or fields to destroy, and everything is in plain sight; but as the riding is much faster than in England, there is no lack of excitement. To come home from one of these hunts with a pair of rabbit ears in her hat is the chief pride of the English damsels of Riverside. Besides, these ornaments take the place of a parasol, much needed here sometimes. In midsummer, no doubt, Riverside is a good place to get away from, but in winter it offers special advantages to invalids.

It is not necessary to stuff your pockets and valise full of oranges on leaving Riverside for the South, for you will find just as good fruit, and plenty of it, in San Diego County. Backing up to a station called Citrus, a few miles north of Riverside, you wait for the train which leaves Barstow on the Atlantic and Pacific, or Sante Fé, Railway, for San Diego, and which, soon after you have boarded it, enters the county of that name, a county not quite so large as San Bernardino, but still, according to the guide-book, covering as much ground as Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined. It forms the south-

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western corner of the United States, and owes much of its local color to the proximity of Mexico, or Lower California, a peninsula which a large number of educated people in the East are in the habit of mistaking for "Southern California." The branch of the Santa Fé Road referred to is known as the California Southern Railroad. Between the Bernardino range and the ocean it traverses a region where the spring vegetation, though almost as abundant as in Los Angeles County, is not so luxuriant, owing to the diminished rainfall. Three-fifths or more of the vegetation which carpets the fields seems to consist of compositæ, and the predominant color is yellow—as if to hint at the fact, which has long since been demonstrated, that there is more gold to be got out of the surface of California soil than out of all its subterranean mines. One never tires of looking at these gaudily-colored fields, especially when bordered by foot-hills, whose green garb is ornamented with red, yellow, brown, and blue patches, like a "crazy-quilt," varying in shade and atmospheric effect with the time of the day; or when, as on this route, there is a background of high mountains, with their snow caps drawn half way down their treeless foreheads as late as May. The two chief mountains are too long-drawn-out to be imposing sculpturally, but the great mass of snow on them gains in charm by contrast with the surrounding blue sky and warm sunshine. The best point of view is from Perris, the junction for the short branch road to San Jacinto. Soon thereafter the Laguna is reached, also known as Lake Elsinore; but if the tourist expects to see one of those picturesque mountain lakes for which the State is famous, he will be grievously disappointed. The Laguna is a commonplace, dreary old pond with steep hills on one side and flat on the other. There are ducks on it, but no cover to approach them. In May it was sixteen feet higher than two years previously, and it has a habit of getting very low till the real estate on its banks has been claimed, whereupon it roguishly rises and submerges it for a few years. But the soil in the vicinity is credited with marvellous properties.

We now enter the region of Indian missions and reservations, and expect to see some of the redskins loitering about the stations, as they do at Yuma and elsewhere; but not a single one is to be seen at any of the towns. Those who make pilgrimages in the tracks of novel heroines may find something to interest them hereabouts with their 'Ramona' as a guide, but otherwise the region is dreary and desolate, its only apparent attraction being the snow mountains just described. A pleasant change is afforded by the passage through the Temecula Cañon, in which it is refreshing to follow along a creek though it be but a few inches deep and two or three feet wide. It cools the air and lines the bank with pretty bushes. Presently smoke-like mists begin to rise from the water, as if it were on fire; scattered pools with bulrushes and flocks of birds, and the russet color and rank monotony of the vegetation, indicate the approach to the ocean. A cool saline breeze strikes the cars; the windows of the more sensitive passengers are lowered, and at the same moment the Pacific comes into sight—to many of the tourists their first view of the king of waters. But the outlook is limited, for a few miles at sea hovers a fog-bank which looks as opaque and solid as if a Krupp gun could make no impression on it. For the rest of the way to San Diego the ocean is almost constantly in sight, and new varieties of plants and flowers occupy the attention. Conspicuous among the flowers are a white morning-glory, larkspurs and lupines in several colors, the ice-plant, with red flowers, and leaves that seem to be covered with icicles, and a flowering bush which at a distance resembles the alpenrose. HENRY T. FINCK.

BARBARIAN SIGHTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

PARIS, September 6, 1889.

THE Exposition continues to be a great success; indeed, the success is greater than it has ever been. Every day the railways bring to Paris thousands of people, who come to spend a few days among its wonders. The aspect of the Parisian boulevards is changed at night: the whole city is a sort of Valley of Jehoshaphat: all possible languages are heard, all costumes are worn. M. Melchior de Vogüé, well known in France as the introducer of Russian literature among us, has written some suggestive articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the Exposition, with his enthusiastic disposition. He has spoken of the Eiffel Tower, of the new style of iron architecture, of the huge Machinery Hall, of the mysterious force which works in the electric dynamos. I am surprised that he has not yet insisted upon what may be called the theatrical and international character of this great congregation of men and things.

During the warm evenings which we have had this year, this theatrical character could be better appreciated than in the daytime. I have sometimes entered the Exhibition by the gate opposite our Foreign Office, and found myself in what is called the Colonial Department. The moon was shining on groves of palm trees, fountains were playing with a soft murmur in square Algerian or Tunisian courts; the white forms of Arabs, Bedouins, Kabyles, dressed in the burnoose, were visible here and there in dark corners, or gliding slowly under the trees; here were the low tents under which were families brought from the provinces of Oran, or Constantine, the little houses, built in wood and plaster, of the Kabyles; some Kabyle child or infant of the oasis or the Atlas was running about or playing. The bazaars, so thronged in the daytime, were shut, and their occupants were enjoying the fresh air of the night. Sounds of drums, of barbarous instruments, were heard in the little cafés. If you entered between curtains thrown aside by a negro, you would fancy yourself in some African town; here the women danced their Oriental dances to the sound of their accustomed music; curious human forms were spread on low divans, servants were going about offering coffee in small cups; ejaculations were heard which you could not understand. The languid children of the East seemed to look with contempt on the Christians, though they were willing to amuse them and to receive their money.

Who brought these people here? Is money-making such a passion that it can destroy the whole order of nature, and bring the children of the desert, or of the Atlas, or of the Lebanon to the banks of the Seine? Or were these people only the dregs of the Mediterranean towns? Was it fair to judge Islam by such representatives? The fire-eating Aissawas were surely disgusting, with all their ferocious tricks, and they pretend to belong to a religious sect. The French colonies are represented by little villages. The French naval officers have taken care of this department, and all here is quiet and orderly. You can make the acquaintance of New-Caledonian life, of the Gaboon, of Senegambia; you can see real idols and real idol worshippers. When you approach Annam you hear extraordinary shrieks; they come from the Annamite Theatre, and it is worth while to enter and take a seat. The best actors of Annam, we are told, have taken the trouble to come here and entertain us. They have brought their splendid silk costumes, embroidered by fairies, their horrible masks—for they never show their faces—the men, at least, for there is a woman who shows hers, and it is plain enough, poor woman! She plays the part of a queen, and, at a given moment, she has to weep, and she really does weep. You can see the tears rolling down her cheek. She weeps every day, at the same hour; is there a Parisian artist who could do that? The men, meanwhile, shriek in a most unearthly fashion; it is their way. Such shrieks I had never heard before. They gesticulate very oddly. I had a friend with me, who explained to me some of their gestures. For instance: The mandarins (for they seem to be all mandarins) often jump on horseback; but there are no horses on the stage; nevertheless, they make all the movements of a man who mounts a horse; when you are not in the secret, the effect is extremely ludicrous. A river is always represented by a carpet thrown on the stage, etc. The author of the play, some Annamite Corneille or Racine, sits there all the time with a big drum between his knees. When he is pleased, he strikes on his drum; the audience is confounded, but the actors are encouraged. On the whole, an Annamite play seems to be one of the wildest forms of amusement; the one I saw and heard produced on me the effect of the most horrible nightmare. But we must be tolerant to the Annamites if we wish them to be tolerant to us. Every time I go to the Opéra I see now some negro king of the African coast, some Persian or Tunisian Prince, looking on from the Government boxes. What do they think of our operas and our ballets? The Shah could not bear for an hour the new ballet, "The Tempest," based on Shakspere's "Tempest"! All theatrical representations are conventional.

Nothing is probably more conventional, more symbolic, than the Javanese village, which is one of the most popular features of the Exposition. It is built entirely of bamboo. Little shops are open, where you can buy various Javanese articles and Javanese tea; under a sort of tent is a small theatre, on whose stage are musicians, all sitting in an Oriental attitude and playing on extraordinary instruments. One of these is made entirely of pieces of bamboo, which strike each other; others are of bronze and remind you of kitchen dishes. The music is odd, not without a sort of charm; it is a rather indistinct noise, to which the sound of bronze gives life. Four female dancers, very young (the youngest is about fourteen), dance to the sound of this music. They wear curious gold helmets, and are entirely painted with saffron; their silk costumes, draped with much grace, are covered with ornaments; they wear huge bracelets on their bare arms and a sword at the back. Their dance is said to be religious; it is very different from anything we call a dance, being a sort of slow march. The legs and the body move but little: the arms and hands are always in motion, and these motions are very odd: the hands seem to revolve freely round the wrist in every direction; they throw about at times, in a spasmodic way, the long pieces of silk tied around the waist. The faces are very grave, almost stern—at least they were so at first, and the first time I saw the Javanese dancers, they executed all their movements with a gravity which gave their dance an original character. Each step,

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each motion seemed to be dictated by some thought; but now the Javanese girls have become half-Parisian. They have been lionized; ladies have visited them in the house where they live; *Figaro* has exhibited them in a great soirée given to Mr. Edison, together with the new American star of the Opéra, and with other celebrities. They have been petted by the public. They now laugh, and chat, and utter little French exclamations; they have been rolled in the great cosmopolitan cement of the Exhibition, and have already lost a great part of their originality.

And so it is with many other shows of this kind—for the Exhibition covers a multitude of them. You find them not only in the esplanade of the Invalides, they are hidden everywhere along the arcades of the Exhibition. There is a long street, following what is called the Palace of the Liberal Arts, and going towards the end of Machinery Hall, which is one long perpetual show. The Eiffel Tower may well be called the Tower of Babel. Here you have a theatre, where you can see real Gitanos from Granada, with their *capitan*, dancing all sorts of dances, shouting with sharp southern voices, and clapping their hands as hard as if they were of wood. You can hear the Rumanian orchestra, look at the descendants of the Romans now living near the Danube; a girl who serves you a glass of beer in her Rumanian costume, has the look of a Roman Empress; the man in the orchestra uses the antique pipe of Pan. There is a curious and almost morbid beauty in the strange national airs played by all these half-Italian, half-Turkish looking men, all dressed in white cotton clothes, embroidered with red. Strange also are the Indians, with their turbans, who will serve you mysteriously with a cup of tea, in what is called the Indian palace. But the most curious and the most thronged part of the place is a whole street, copied exactly, with the greatest minuteness of detail, from Cairo, with its donkey boys, mosques, and the muezzin chanting from a high balcony, and the small cafés full of people gazing stupidly on some dancers. The *Rue du Caire* is the first thing which visitors to the Exhibition have to *do;* and when they have left it they think they know the East.

But this is not enough; cosmopolitanism and internationalism have not found the immense field of the Exposition large enough; we have an invasion of Spaniards all over Paris. In one of the circuses are to be seen every night splendid processions of dancers belonging to all the provinces of Spain; they appear in their charming and varied costumes, with their provincial banners; they march, and then execute their national dances. A Spanish company have gone to the trouble of building a real Plaza de Toros, at an immense expense; there are every day real bulls and toreros, and banderilleros, and *Capitanes de la Plaza*, in magnificent dress, with splendid horses. There is room for 20,000 people, but the place is empty; the whole affair will be a complete failure. The Government does not allow the killing of the bull, and what is a bull-fight without it? I entirely approve the action of the Government. Why should we introduce the cruel game of bull-fights into our life? We have already introduced in France the English races: the jockey was one of the forms of the movement which prepared the French Revolution—it seemed to belong to constitutionalism; but nowadays all sensible people would be very glad to be rid of him, and of all that goes with him.

If the Plaza de Toros is a failure, the same cannot be said of your Buffalo Bill; he is an immense success. All French people have a passion for the *Peaux Rouges* and the novels of Fenimore Cooper; they all admire the cowboys; and Buffalo Bill, with his sombrero, his long curly hair, and his handsome face, has become one of the most popular figures of the day.

And so our time goes on: "from sport to sport they hurry me." We shall soon be sick enough of this continual show, and we ask ourselves, will they, the Javanese, the Annamites, the Chinese, etc., be as sick of us as we are beginning to be of them? And what has been the use of all this? Do we feel any better, more humane, better disposed to the rest of the world? We ask ourselves, also, what has been the effect of our civilization on all these minds? What will they think of us? And finally, this grand spectacle, which for the immense majority is a mere show, because ignorance does not allow the greatest number to watch and to understand the development of science—will it be moral or demoralizing? will it have good or bad effects? I confess my doubts. Surely, such a spectacle impresses even the ignorant with a sort of dumb sense of the power of the human intellect; but, on the other side, these races brought together from all parts of the world seem to have nothing in common except blind and brutal instincts, which find their satisfaction in the coarsest spectacles. Men are said to be all equal; they are especially equalized by their follies and their vices.

THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

VII.—THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION.

PARIS, August 16, 1889.

JUST as Henri Regnault was hailed as a coming master and was cut short in his career at the early age of twenty-eight, so Bastien-Lepage, who created a genuine sensation with his "Portrait of My Grandfather," at the Salon of 1874, following it in succeeding Salons with such works as "Les Foins," "Portrait of My Parents," "Jeanne d'Arc," and "The Potato-Gatherers," was looked upon as a rising *chef d'école*, and, after only ten years of painting, died in 1884, just after he had completed his thirty-sixth year. Looking back at the condition of art when Regnault made his advent, and comparing it with the state in which Bastien found it, it is apparent that, of the two, Regnault's influence has been the more powerful, for the "Salon picture" as it exists to-day largely owes its origin to him. The big canvases, with their scenes of carnage and torture, were almost unknown in the Salon before Regnault, and the example he set in the "Execution without Judgment—Tangier," has been followed *ad nauseam* by hundreds of ambitious young painters, many of them with the smallest amount of talent, others with a great deal, but degenerating more and more until it has resulted in the production of mere vulgar atrocities such as the "Vitellius Dragged through the Streets of Rome," or the "Andromache," by Rochegrosse. Bastien worked in a more peaceful field. If his influence has been less far-reaching than that of Regnault, it has been vastly more beneficial. A weak imitation of Bastien is a harmless sort of production, and to resemble him at all it must contain a certain amount of naïveté, which is never a bad quality. There is no opportunity for such carnivals of horror as are possible for a youngster who fancies himself another Regnault, and is bent on out-Heroding Herod.

Bastien's small portraits—the marvellous one of his brother, the architect, seated at a table with his drawing instruments; those of the Prince of Wales and Sarah Bernhardt and Albert Wolf—have had the effect of stimulating this style of portraiture, and we find excellent work in the Decennial Exhibition by Chartran, Friant, and others, which is directly traceable to him. In his pictures of out-door life, those remarkable effects in *plein air*, Bastien no doubt drew something from Courbet and even from Manet; but he is decidedly original, and his work is distinguished from theirs by infinitely better drawing, and by a research for color that goes beyond Courbet and that Manet never approached. In the portrait of his parents, again, Bastien, with the most exquisitely sensitive drawing and an abundant sense of color, reaches a very high level. In the portrait of his mother particularly, there is an exactness that is worthy of Holbein, with an unaffected sentiment that we can find nowhere outside of the great Dutchmen. Painted out of doors, as these portraits are, in the diffused light, there is an original side to them that belongs to nobody but Bastien. The "Portrait of my Grandfather" is equally remarkable, and is the last word in sincerity and truth in the out-door school of painting. The Jeanne d'Arc is too well known to call for comment, but it is worth noting that, surrounded here by the best art that France has produced, it loses nothing of its beauty and is one of the masterly works in the Retrospective Exhibition.

We must now return to Ingres, to establish the connection between such men as Paul Baudry and the art of 1830. Not that Baudry and Delaunay are classicists exactly, but they have not felt the influence of Delacroix to the extent that Courbet and his followers have, and through all the new "movements" they have pushed steadily along on the paths laid out before them—paths which, if we follow them backwards, lead not only to Ingres, but to the great masters of the Renaissance. Baudry is preëminently a stylist. There are eleven canvases here by him, and in the three earliest, "Portrait of Baron Jard-Panvillier" (1855), "The Infant St. John" (1861), and "The Wave and the Pearl" (1863), a delightful nude figure, very fine in color, we find the pure drawing and delicate sense of form that mark the classicist along with a graceful but somewhat conventional execution. In the later ones, notably in the "Portrait of Gen. Cousin Montauban, Count Palikao" (1877), and the "Portrait of Madame B.," we find that, without losing a particle of his masterly drawing, and retaining all his feeling for form, he possesses the most astonishing freedom of execution. The portrait of Count Palikao, a life-size portrait, with the General in uniform, standing beside his horse, with his right arm leaning on the saddle, and his sword held cane-like, with the butt of the scabbard resting on the ground, is such a work as we can only compare with Velasquez or perhaps Van Dyck. Certainly there is nothing in these galleries that is so distinctly a great piece of painting in the sense that Velasquez is great, in the wonderful force of a man who is absolutely sure of himself, and dashes through his work, neglecting nothing, never slurring over a difficult bit of form or adopting expedients to escape hard problems of color, and produces a canvas that includes everything which others attain only in part by patient labor—a canvas that makes us marvel at such technical skill, and charms us by its beauty. There is the same enchanting verve in the "Portrait of Madame B.," a lady seated in a chair with a child on her knees, and the same distinction of character. Unfortunately, Baudry is not represented here by any of his decorative work. In the section of drawings and

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water-colors there are some of his studies for his ceiling, "Glorification of the Law," and other decorative panels, but they are studies only. The Opéra contains his greatest work, the decoration of the foyer, and it is absolutely necessary that these decorations should be seen to form an idea of the greatness of Baudry's talent.

Delaunay, classicist in the "Death of the Centaur Nessus," "Ixion," and "David Victorious," is seen at his very best in two admirable portraits, one of a lady in black, and the other of an old lady with the head in three-quarters view. This last is a wonderful piece of drawing, possessing the naïve beauty of Holbein. I have spoken at length of his great merit as a painter of portraits in the account of the Decennial Exhibition. There remain to be mentioned a fine full-length portrait of a lady by Carolus-Duran, "Portrait of Mme. F." (1869), the best of all his portraits, perhaps; three by Cabanel, notably the "Portrait of M. Armand"; four by Paul Dubois, of which the best is the celebrated "Portrait of My Children" (1876); and two by Bonnat, whose "Portrait of Mme. Bischoffsheim" is one of the most strikingly real of the long series he has painted and one of the best of his portraits of women. Bonnat is further represented by his famous "St. Vincent de Paul" (1866) and his equally famous "Christ on the Cross" (1874).

Other notable names in the catalogue of the Retrospective Exhibition that call for special mention after these are Vollon, Falguière, Laurens, Bonvin, Ribot, Merson, Meissonier, De Neuville, and Detaille. The exhibit of the works of these painters is complete and interesting, but, except in the case of Meissonier, perhaps, it is not necessary to go into details. The Meissoniers are nine in number, headed by that remarkable composition, the best of his military pictures, "1814." "The Emperor at Solferino," familiar to visitors at the Luxembourg Gallery, is also here, and there is a fine small portrait of the owner of "1814," M. Delahante, and two marvellous little pictures, "Waiting" and "The Etcher," both of them painted more than twenty-five years ago, and both in the possession of the painter, from which those who are acquainted with the opinion Meissonier holds of certain of his pictures may conclude that he sets great store by these. Leaving that out of the question, they are evidently of his best.

Of landscape painters, the three works by Cazin, "Madeleine," "The Flight into Egypt," and "Nativity," should of course be noted. There are three excellent works also by Lavieille, a painter who has the honors of the Luxembourg, but is comparatively little known outside of France. He died here last year, and his pictures are not very numerous.

Puvis de Chavannes, the great artist whose decorations, "The Life of Geneviève," at the Pantheon, "The Sacred Wood," at the New Sorbonne, the "Pro Patria Ludus," at the Museum of Amiens, and others, have made him famous, and placed him at the head of modern painters of decoration, cannot be seen here as he should be seen to understand the value of his work; but among the five canvases, the "Beheading of St. John" and "The Prodigal Son" show at least partially his excellence, and give some idea of his distinctively individual methods.

The lesson the Retrospective Exhibition offers to the young painters of France is so plainly written that he who runs may read. Remembering that there exist rightly only two forms of painting—the easel canvas and decoration—they can see what wonders may be accomplished in the first by looking at Millet's "Gleaners" or Corot's "Biblis." They will see that there is everything in these pictures—color, drawing, light and air—and they must feel that it is consummate art, while the big canvases in the Decennial Exhibition are vague and empty. They will see that mere size adds nothing to the impressiveness of a picture, and that where the subject is not in itself grandiose it detracts from it. They can see that to make a real work of art, it is not necessary to arrest the attention of the indifferent passer-by, and force him to look, but that the best things are never fully taken in at first glance; and they ought to learn that the reason why the "General Prim" or the "Remise des Chevreuils," "The Gleaners" or "Biblis," the "Count Palikao" or the "Jeanne d'Arc" are great works of art is because the men who painted them had something to say, and brought the whole strength of their talent to bear to say it without thinking of how the picture might look in the Salon, or whether the jury would vote it a recompense or not. These men painted for the sake of painting and for love of the beautiful in nature, and it is because they have been able to express themselves in a language that all can understand, and have triumphed over countless difficulties to make their expression beautiful, that the world accords them homage.

Whether the young painters will take the lesson and profit by it remains to be seen. There is, however, already a reaction against the evil tendencies that have made such headway in the Salon. It is probable that another ten years will see a decided change, and that the *tableau de chevalet* will take its rightful place again in the exhibitions. It is to be hoped that such a change will take place in France, and the sooner it comes the better, for the bad example set in the Salon has spread to the artists of other countries, and the evil will continue there until the reform comes from Paris, the art centre of the world. The young artists have a bright example before them in Dagnan-Bouveret, who has never been led away from his principles, and who has yet attained to the highest honors, though he has never found it necessary to paint a genre subject on an heroic scale.

Looking at the Retrospective Exhibition and the Decennial Exhibition together, although the triumph undoubtedly belongs to the generation that has passed or is passing away, it is nevertheless gratifying to find that at the bottom the same great principles are adhered to in the present day which are the cause of the preëminent superiority of the French school over all its contemporaries in the century that has passed. Sound drawing, the basis of pictorial art, is taught in the schools, and it is not in this particular that the artists of to-day are wanting. This is especially notable in the portraits in the Decennial Exhibition. The marked decadence in landscape painting is due, as has been pointed out in a former letter, to the prevailing fashion for bigness and glare which has almost annihilated color; but in Cazin at least we find a man who fulfils the requirements of a landscape painter, and whose splendid talent must sooner or later make its influence felt. In decoration Puvis de Chavannes is a worthy successor of Delacroix and Baudry, though his work differs widely in its essential characteristics from that of either of these, and there is no doubt of his being a master. Finally, there is in Meissonier, Gérôme, Bonnat, Delaunay, Gervex, Dagnan-Bouveret, Vollon, Laurens, Merson, and a score of others whose place is made and whose reputation is fixed, a strong conservative element that will prevent bad tendencies from overpowering the good; and we can reasonably hope that, with this conservative force, and the lesson that the Retrospective Exhibition so clearly teaches, there will soon be a reaction that will utterly sweep these tendencies away, and carry the French school of art through another brilliant epoch as glorious as the one they are now celebrating in the Champ de Mars.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

Correspondence.

FRÉMONT AND MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the first week in July last you refer, in an uncertain way, to the connection between the withdrawal of Gen. Frémont from the Presidential contest in 1864, and the resignation of Montgomery Blair from the Cabinet at the same time. As the relation between the two events does not seem to be generally known, and, indeed, is apparently not understood by the biographers of Mr. Lincoln in the *Century Magazine*, a word of explanation is perhaps demanded from any one familiar with the facts.

President Lincoln was extremely desirous for harmony among Republicans, and that Frémont's withdrawal be brought about; and to accomplish these ends Senator Zachary Chandler of Michigan left Washington early in September of 1864, and proceeded to the home of Ben Wade in Ohio. Senator Wade was soon brought to see that the withdrawal of Gen. Frémont, and harmonious action by the Republicans, was an absolute necessity, and agreed to cease his opposition to Mr. Lincoln on condition that Mr. Henry Winter Davis, his associate in the celebrated Wade-Davis manifesto, should be satisfied. Mr. Davis was next approached, and his assent to harmonious action was on condition that his personal, and, as he thought, political enemy, Montgomery Blair, should leave the Cabinet. To this latter condition Mr. Lincoln consented.

With the progress thus made Senator Chandler next visited New York, where, from his headquarters in the Astor House, he opened negotiations with the immediate friends of Gen. Frémont, for the purpose of procuring his withdrawal. In this work the Senator was efficiently aided by George Wilkes of the *Spirit of the Times*. The leaders of the Frémont movement were ultimately won over to the scheme of reconciliation, and consented that the General should withdraw, and thereby unite all the strength of the party in the support of Mr. Lincoln.

At one time during the negotiations Mr. Bryant of the *Evening Post*, feeling the necessity of harmony, and fearing that the opposition to Mr. Lincoln in certain quarters might prove disastrous to his reëlection, had in type an editorial for his paper advising Mr. Lincoln's withdrawal, and a united Republican support of Gen. Frémont or some other available candidate; but, by the vigorous assurances of Senator Chandler that harmony could better be reached in the support of Mr. Lincoln, the editorial was withheld from publication.

The night after the conclusion of the arrangement with the friends of Gen. Frémont, Senator Chandler returned to Washington, reaching there in the morning, and called promptly at the White House, where he was anxiously and eagerly received by the President. He announced the result of his negotiations, and Mr. Lincoln at once fulfilled his part by addressing a note to Mr. Blair asking his resignation (which was promptly tendered),

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thereby closing the dangerous breach and making certain his reëlection.

I was a guest at the Astor House during the greater part of the negotiations, and accompanied Senator Chandler to Washington and to the President's house, and make most of the above statements from personal recollection of the events as they occurred, and the others on the authority of the Senator. That these facts are not more widely known is doubtless due to Senator Chandler's well-known reticence, with all but his intimate friends, as to his own services. DAVID H. JEROME.

SAGINAW, MICH., September 16, 1889.

COLLEGE TEMPTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to return my sincerest thanks for your advocacy of the doctrine that colleges should close their doors against boys who do not earnestly desire to learn. A few years of experience in teaching have convinced me that the average college is suffering more to-day from the presence of such boys than from any other cause whatever. Their lack of preparation causes the teacher to consume valuable time in explanations needless to the remainder of the class, they deprive the class-room work of much of its value to real students by disorderly conduct, they make uninterrupted study impossible in dormitories, they demoralize their associates, and they do incalculable damage to the college by lowering the respect in which it is held by the community.

Probably the difficulty is complicated, in the eyes of many, by the fact that a pretty large proportion of the boys who give the trouble are of wealthy parentage. The college of small endowment must be careful not to alienate men of means without good reason. I shall be very much mistaken, however, if the first college of good standing which advertises to the world that it will weed out all the idle, vicious, and incompetent without fear or favor, and makes good its promises, does not make a distinct advance in financial prosperity by the reform. There are many people who want to send bad boys to college for reformation, but there are still more who want to send boys of good character and studious habits to colleges where they will not be forced into association with the idle and vicious, and where their desire to learn will suffer from no unnecessary interference.

It would also be an inestimable boon to boys who are disposed to yield to the temptations of wealth if it were impossible for them to secure the social advantage of a degree from a respectable college without conducting themselves as gentlemen and students should.

W. H. JOHNSON.

GRANVILLE, O.

[The President of a Western college writes us in the same sense: "Please accept hearty thanks for your excellent article on 'Colleges without Temptation.' We have for several years pursued with good results the policy indicated by you, of getting rid of all young men who need watching and cannot take care of themselves. With them the greater part of the temptations have disappeared."—ED. NATION.]

POETRY AND MANNERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your excellent editorial on "Manners in the Public Schools," do you not think that the reforms you suggest will be greatly facilitated by a reform in the direction of making our elementary courses of instruction more interesting to our school-children? It seems to me that children must be lifted above the dead, humdrum level of their home life, and that school must be made a pleasant place to them before the counsels of their teacher with regard to manners, or any other points not connected with the routine work of the class, can have any appreciable effect.

But is this element of interest on the part of the children much considered in our public schools? They seem to me to be great "cramming" factories which turn out prodigies in the way of map-drawers and mental arithmeticians, but which utterly fail to present us with what we most want—young men and women soundly trained in mind and body. Let one picture to one's self how a school day passes, and one will cease to wonder that such a state of things exists. Hour by hour creeps past, class after class is heard in a mechanical way, teachers grow cross and despairing, and children more weary and dull or else more flippant and rude—this, I fear, is a day's history for most of our public schools. Could "manners, virtue, freedom, power" be taught amid such surroundings, even though Milton were to come back to us, as the poet wished—even if he resumed his old rôle of teacher?

But these evils have been recited time and again, and one has no excuse for dwelling upon them unless one has a remedy to offer. It seems to me that the late Matthew Arnold offered a remedy when he insisted upon the value of poetry as a part of the curriculum of every school. Nothing will so lift a child above the humdrum level of his home life as hearing and reading good poetry; nothing will make him so plastic to his teachers' precepts of good manners and good morals; nothing will so counteract the bad literature of the present day; and certainly nothing will so influence for good his after life.

I shall be told that the number of studies is too great already; but I reply that it is a thousand times better for a boy to be familiar with "Marmion" than for him to be able to draw a map of Cochin China or to calculate the tenth power of nine in his head. It is fair to say that an hour spent on good poetry will be worth the six hours now spent on the average public-school course.

The want of proper teachers will also be urged; but, if it is once understood that poetry must be taught, proper teachers will be forthcoming. I hear that the Johns Hopkins University is, after all these years, to have a lectureship in poetry somewhat similar to that which Henry Birkhead founded at Oxford. If this experiment proves a success (and to this end I advise the Hopkins authorities to make a careful study of the history of the chair of poetry at Oxford, and to avoid certain mistakes there made), other universities and colleges will feel obliged to follow the example set them. This will mean that professors of poetry, who can train teachers of poetry, will become common, and that the deadly mechanical processes that are crushing the life out of modern education, will be superseded. Matthew Arnold always fought "machinery" wherever he saw it—in religion, in politics, or in education; he never dealt it a heavier blow than when he raised his voice for the proper study of poetry in every school. I mean, of course, the study of poetry as poetry—not as a vehicle of philological or historical facts.

One other point deserves notice. We are worried over the question whether the Bible shall be used in our schools, and we are perplexed at the claims the Roman Catholics are making. It does not seem probable that any compromise will be made by which non-sectarian religious instruction can be given; and so, many good people are aghast at the thought that their children are condemned to receive a purely secular education. But if we are not to have the Bible—and for my own part I see no force in the reasons urged against its use—why should we not make good poetry serve as the next best substitute for it? Assuredly the child who gets continuous instruction in our serious English poetry will not leave school without a moral, nay, a Christian, education. On such a basis the Protestants can join forces, and, unless they do join forces, there is danger ahead for our schools.

The public-school system of this country is on trial, and many thoughtful men have declared against it; but I venture to think that this is not because the fundamental idea of the State's duty towards its children is discredited, but because these thoughtful men have become disgusted with the deadly, mechanical systems of instruction that most of our States have adopted. When these systems have been changed, the defection of one religious body will not cause our educational fabric to totter, and the thoughtful men who turned away will come forward once more with help and counsel.—Your obedient servant,

W. P. TRENT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, September 14, 1889.

THE STUDY OF FOREIGN LEGISLATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the reference to the competition for the prize on the Bluntschli foundation in the literary notes in your columns for August 16, it is forcibly stated that there should be libraries in the principal centres of the country which would afford opportunity for the study of foreign legislation. I venture to state that the State Library of Massachusetts has within the past few years made a modest effort to supply such a demand, and it contains, in addition to the statutes of this country, fairly complete collections of the laws of the following governments and provinces:

Great Britain, Canada, the general Government and provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, and Manitoba; India, the general Government and provinces of Ajmir, Assam, Bengal, Bombay, British Burmah, Central Provinces, Coorg, Lower Provinces, Madras, Northwestern Provinces, Oudh, and Punjab; Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, West Australia, Tasmania, and New South Wales; also the British colonies of Antigua, Bahama, Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Cape Colony, Ceylon, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia, Griqualand West, Heligoland, Isle of Man, Jamaica, Jersey, Leeward Islands, Malta, Natal, New Zealand Straits Settlements, and Trinidad; France, the general Government, together with its dependencies of Guadaloupe, Martinique, Réunion, Établissements Français de l'Inde, Senegal, Saint Pierre and Miquelon, and French Guiana; Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Geneva, Germany, Italy, Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Peru, Venezuela, the Hawaiian Islands.

Yours respectfully, C. B. TILLINGHAST,
Acting Librarian.

STATE-HOUSE, BOSTON, September 18.

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GERRYMANDERING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Allow me to say to your correspondent "A. I." that in this State we are perfectly familiar with the performance called *gerrymandering* in the precise sense given to it by the 'Encyclopædic Dictionary.' Whatever may be the correct pronunciation of Mr. Gerry's name in the current derivative, the *g* is always pronounced like *j*. Bartlett's 'Dictionary of Americanisms' gives a concise history of the word "gerrymander." Its pronunciation is doubtless a case of attraction brought about by the familiar abbreviation "jerry" for Jeremiah. There is no occasion for taking our English cousins to task for mispronunciation in this case, though the alternative spelling is clearly without authority. Besides, we should not be too ready to cast stones at them for mispronouncing our proper names, as we sin quite frequently in respect to theirs.

C. W. Super.

Ohio, September, 1889.

[It is rash to affirm, but we apprehend that in New England, of which Elbridge Gerry was a native, gerrymandering is commonly and correctly pronounced with a hard *g*.—Ed. Nation.]

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A Government report shows that the aggregate of deposits in the savings banks of the United States on the last day of June, 1889, was $1,364,196,550, and the number of depositors 3,838,291. These constitute only about one-sixteenth of our population, while in the British Islands two-sixteenths of their population (viz., 4,220,927) are depositors in their Postal Savings Bank. As we have more wealth, which, also, is more generally diffused, we should have more depositors in savings banks than the British; the difficulty being, in our case, that our population is scattered over so large an area that corporate savings banks cannot reach the people. If, however, the counters of our post-offices could be used as places for the deposit of the savings of the people, we may anticipate with confidence that at least another sixteenth of our population—4,000,000 more — would become depositors, beginning thereby a career of thrift and self-reliance.

The Government report referred to also states that there was an increase last year of 822,336 in depositors, and of $290,901,595 in deposits. These figures demonstrate how undesirable it would be to concentrate the vast sums that would be deposited at our postal savings banks in the Treasury at Washington; an amount too large for Congress to restore wisely to the channels of circulation. In fact, it is mainly this difficulty, that of providing for the use of the aggregate deposit of our people, which delays the introduction of the postal savings-bank system into the United States.

By transmitting the deposits made at the post-offices (*a*) to the States in which they originate, or (*b*) to corporate savings banks, we at once avoid the concentration of the savings of the people. The forty-two State governments could find use for the money in perfecting internal improvements, or in the loan of it to municipalities (as is done in England). The aggregate amount of deposit would never diminish, but be a constantly increasing sum. A low interest—say 2 per cent.—paid to the depositors, plus the charge by the national Government for the post-office service, would give the States money at a very low rate, while attracting to their treasuries an immense sum through the sense of absolute security which the people would rightly feel in placing their savings in the hands of a legislature which they directly control. Freedom of individual action would be preserved by giving equally cheap access through the post-offices to corporate savings banks as to the State treasuries; and such companies, paying a higher rate of interest than the State governments, would not be crowded out of business.

Horace J. Smith.

Pontresina, Switzerland, August 23, 1889.

HISTORICAL SEMINAR METHODS AT LEIPZIG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read the articles of Mr. Fling on the work of the Leipzig Historical Seminar in the *Academy* for April and May of this year. While the picture which he gives of the Seminar and its work is a very accurate one, as far as it goes, and while I agree entirely with his general conclusions, as I believe every American who goes to Germany for advanced history must, the picture is nevertheless a one-sided one. The Seminar work of Prof. Arndt must be added to make it complete. His subjects are always from mediæval history—generally select questions of German constitutional history. He begins with the earliest documents which illustrate German institutions, and comes as far down as time will permit.

It so happened when I was there that the 'Germania' was up for study at the same time under both Prof. Maurenbrecher and Prof. Arndt, but the methods of study were very different. One has been accurately enough described by Mr. Fling. In Prof. Arndt's work topics were almost never assigned to individuals. Some one or two became responsible for the translation of the passages to be taken up each evening, but the discussion was always general. Every student was at any moment liable to be called upon for his opinion, and if he did not have one, he generally made a mental resolution that he would be provided next time. Questions and suggestions came as freely from students as from instructor, and nobody had any idea of going to sleep. Altogether, the scene was not greatly different from that presented in the class-room of a wide-awake American instructor in the 'Germania,' who knows what ought to be done with such a book, as a good many of them do. Nor did the character of the work done seem to me very different, except that the interest was historical, and that a different and wider range of books was drawn upon.

The strong points of Prof. Arndt's method come out still more clearly when he takes up the charters and diplomas of a later period. Let us suppose a case. We are in the eleventh century, we will say. We know the special period to be taken up and the general topics; perhaps a number of subordinate topics with references have been announced—at any rate, enough is known so that very good general preparation can be made in both literature and sources, but no one knows the special topic or the text which is to be studied this evening. As the exercise opens, each man is handed a sheet of paper on which he finds, copied by the gelatine pad, a diploma of the period. Some one is asked to read it while the others follow—it is very rarely translated—and then Prof. Arndt says: "Now, gentlemen, what do you see?" For about five minutes every one tries his best to see something in the document worth mentioning. Then the work begins. "Well, who has it?" or, "Herr R., what have you found?" Suggestions are made by one and another. The usual answer is, "Yes, good, but there's more yet," and the students are gradually led on to extract by their own efforts, with only the slightest suggestions from the Professor, the historical facts directly implied, then those more remotely implied, and, finally, those only to be obtained by an extended process of inference, till the apparently simple-looking document is made to illustrate a range of fact that no one dreamed of at the outset. If the division at any time seems to be at a stand, they are encouraged by such expressions as "Zu, zu, meine Herren!" "Haben Sie Augen?" "Lieber Herr! was für Historiker!" This last is sometimes put in even stronger form, but always pleasantly, not angrily, and good work is certain of full appreciation.

This is only a single evening. Its method may not be repeated during the whole year. The rule is constant variety, but always quickness of work and keenness of insight. Sometimes the documents handed out are taken home for study, with a set of assigned topics, which are, however, very apt to be left behind when the discussion is well under way. Sometimes, after an hour spent on a document, Prof. Arndt will suddenly ask: "Is this genuine or a forgery?" and after more work it will be found to contain signs of forgery which ought to have been seen from the start. Again, a reference will be found to a fact of political history, and the Professor will call for all the sources which mention that occurrence. The books will be brought and opened on the table, and one student will read this and another that account. Questions will bring out the relations of the writers to the time and to the events, and their relative trustworthiness, and the two or three which are pronounced best will be very carefully compared, and everything possible extracted from them.

But it is impossible to describe fully a constantly varying method—only its general effects can be suggested. The things which Prof. Arndt demands that his students shall see in what he puts before them, are often things which it is not possible for them to see with their limited knowledge of constitutional history. But no doubt he understands that as well as any one, and for that very reason no better method could be devised to teach the men, what every student of history must learn, that when you have read a document through once, you have not seen all there is in it, and that after you feel sure you have got all it says directly, there may still be a great deal to be drawn from it by careful inference. The whole object of the work is to teach the best methods of historical investigation, and all the best students of history there gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to it. The number of Leipzig history dissertations dedicated to Prof. Arndt indicates clearly enough the feeling. The students say that Arndt's Seminar reproduces very accurately the methods employed in similar work by Waitz—that this was recognized by Waitz as more true of Arndt than of any other instructor in Germany, and that Waitz in turn reproduced the methods of Ranke's original exercises, which were so "epoch-making" in Germany.

Whether this genealogy is correct or not I cannot say, but I do know that any American who goes to Leipzig for history, no matter in what branch of it, and does not join Prof. Arndt's Seminar, has missed one of the best opportunities he will find abroad. Indeed, if Americans are going to Germany for history at all (and it is very rapidly becoming unnecessary), I do not see why more of them do

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not go to Leipzig. About one at a time seems to be all we can maintain there. One may, perhaps, want to see and hear the great men at Berlin, but for genuine work there is no place superior to Leipzig. Prof. Maurenbrecher is a remarkable lecturer. His audiences are always large, and in speaking he is full of life and enthusiasm, and keeps men awake. On this side of the work he has few equals in Germany. As a teacher Prof. Arndt is equally remarkable. He has a great deal of that power, so very rare in Germany, so much more common with us, which takes hold of students and wins their confidence and awakens in them the desire to do good work, and then shows them how to do it. PRESTON.

THE END OF WOMAN-BURNING IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789, under the date of March 18, there is the following account of the last woman-burning in England:

"The nine following malefactors were executed before the debtors' door at Newgate, pursuant to their sentence, viz., Hugh Murphy and Christian Murphy, alias Bowman, for coining; Charles Messenger and Tredway Pocock, William Coliard, and John Norrington, for burglary; James Grace and Joseph Walker, for coining; and William Craddock, for a robbery. They were brought upon the scaffold about half an hour after seven, and turned off about a quarter past eight. They behaved in a decent manner, and seemed fully sensible of their unhappy situation. The woman for coining was brought out after the rest were turned off, and fixed to a stake and burnt, being first strangled by the stool being taken from under her."

On the 10th of May, 1790, Sir Benjamin Hammett, in the House of Commons, asked for leave to bring in a bill to alter the law. He mentioned that it had been his duty as Sheriff to attend on the melancholy occasion of the burning of the female in the preceding year, and that the Sheriff who did not execute the sentence of burning alive was liable to a prosecution; but he thanked heaven that there was not a man in England who would carry such a sentence into effect. He obtained leave to bring in a bill to alter the law; and in that session the Act 30 Geo. III., c. 48, was passed. I have no doubt that the sentence of burning alive was carried out in earlier times. Then it was modified, contrary to law, by the executioner pulling a rope tight about the neck of the condemned as soon as the fagots were lighted. In 1739, at the execution of Catherine Hayse for the murder of her husband, the executioner scorched his hands and let go the rope. After this a low gallows was erected and the woman was first hung and then fagots were piled over her and she was burned.

I have noticed that many persons will not believe that such cruel punishments were ever inflicted in remote times, or at the present time in barbarous districts. They have never seen it themselves, and no evidence can make them believe that any persons can be so cruel.

F. MCCARTHY.

[We close this "inquest" (if we may make an equivocal translation of M. Gaidoz's *enquête*) by noticing, for the honor of American humanity, that the account of negro-burning in Kentucky which a correspondent lately copied for us from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has been pronounced a hoax by that paper. Of course the melancholy truth remains, that the conditions of Southern society are still such that probably not a man south of Mason and Dixon's line would have felt justified in denying the alleged occurrence, as any Northerner would have done on reading that a negro had been burned by a mob for rape, say, in Vermont or Michigan, though he might have been lynched in either of these States. The *Courier-Journal's* readiness to be imposed upon is proof of this statement.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

DE WOLFE, FISKE & CO., No. 361 Washington Street, Boston, have, by the failure of another firm, become the publishers of Mr. William H. Whitmore's 'Ancestral Tablets,' the most ingenious and compact form of "family tree" ever devised—a genealogical blank-book which fairly implores to be filled.

'The Soft Porcelain of Sèvres,' with an historical introduction, by Édouard Garnier, translated into English by H. F. Andresen, has begun to be issued in ten parts by J. W. Bouton, No. 706 Broadway, New York. There will be fifty plates in water-color.

Halliwell-Phillipps left his wood-blocks and electros to the New York Shakespeare Society, which has formally authorized their use in the eighth edition of the 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,' about to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co., who have purchased the copyright from the estate of the author.

The pleasant announcement is made that the "Riverside Aldine Series"—one of the most beautiful in its artistic simplicity ever undertaken by any American publisher—is to be further extended. To the ten volumes (by Aldrich, Warner, Lowell, Harte, Howells, and Burroughs) are now added 'The Gray Champion, and Other Stories,' by Hawthorne, and Thoreau's 'Walden' in two volumes. We should like to see in the series a volume of the European stories of Bret Harte, of which 'Sarah Walker' is the best, as indeed it is one of the best the author ever wrote. And there is no decently printed edition of Mr. James's 'Daisy Miller,' to which might well be added an 'International Episode,' 'A Bundle of Letters,' and its sequel, 'The Point of View.' And why should not Mr. Woodberry follow his admirable biography of Poe with a much needed orderly and annotated selection of Poe's short stories?

To commemorate the first production of an Ibsen drama in English, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London, is about to publish, in an edition limited to 115 copies on Van Gelder paper, Mr. William Archer's translation of 'A Doll's House,' illustrated with seven platinotype photographs, including a portrait of Ibsen and six portraits of the performers in the costumes of the play.

Volumes three and four—the last—of the Life of William Lloyd Garrison, by his sons, published by the Century Co., are to be issued October 10.

In view of the forthcoming memoir of Mrs. Stowe by her son, a work announced by Funk & Wagnalls, entitled 'The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin,' would seem to be in questionable taste; but the author, Florence Thayer McCray, is said to have had the assent and assistance of both Mrs. Stowe and the Rev. C. E. Stowe.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, continue their "Great French Writers" series with Paul de Rémusat's 'Thiers,' translated by Prof. Melville B. Anderson. They announce further 'Seven Days After the Honeymoon,' presenting "a model breakfast and dinner bill-of-fare"; and 'The Story of Tonty,' by Mrs. Catherwood.

'Open, Sesame!' an extensive collection of prose and verse for committing to memory, edited by Mrs. B. W. Bellamy and Mrs. M. W. Goodwin, is in the press of Ginn & Co.

The Elder Publishing Co., Chicago, have nearly ready 'Birds and Butterflies,' a book for boys and girls, by M. G. Musgrave.

Thomas Whittaker promises early in October 'Diabolology: the Person and Work of Satan,' being the Paddock Lectures for the current year, by Edward H. Jewett, D.D.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, will issue directly 'Notes on the Revised Statutes of the United States, and the Subsequent Legislation of Congress,' by John M. Gould and George F. Tucker. The same firm has reprinted the 'Thoughts' of Marcus Aurelius as translated by the late George Long, with his final revision. It makes a pretty volume.

Harper & Bros.' forthcoming books include 'Select Poems of William Wordsworth,' edited by W. J. Rolfe, with illustrations by E. A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, and others, of which the readers of *Harper's Magazine* have had a foretaste; 'City Legends,' by Will Carleton, with illustrations; 'Summer Holidays: Travelling Notes in Europe,' by Theodore Child; 'The Boy Travellers in Mexico,' by Thomas W. Knox; and 'Chita: A Memory of Last Island,' by Lafcadio Hearn.

The little that is to be told of the life of Jane Austen is repeated from the standard authorities by Mrs. Charles Malden in her volume just added to the "Famous Women" series (Boston: Roberts Bros.). Its merit and usefulness lie in its summarizing with extracts the six novels of the great Englishwoman.

Under the somewhat awkward title, 'The Three Germanys,' Mr. Theodore S. Fay publishes (through A. S. Barnes & Co.) a history of Germany in two volumes and 1,300 pages. It professes to be nothing more than a compilation, but even as a compilation its merit is doubtful: its great length alone would prevent it from taking equal rank with a useful manual like Lewis's translation of Müller. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing to be said of it is, that it is the work of an author in his eighty-second year; and it might be further said that it betrays so great a lack of the literary sense as to explain how it happens that none of the numerous books which Mr. Fay has published during more than half a century have secured a permanent footing in our literature. Motley, in one of his letters, mentions Mr. Fay as a man of most amiable character and of sincere religious convictions. The latter crop out in most irrelevant ways in the work in question, and often remind the reader of the absurd judgments with which the late Dr. Allibone's great piety led him to blemish his otherwise invaluable 'Dictionary of Authors.'

Prof. J. Hirschberg of Berlin made a trip from New York to San Francisco in August and September, 1887, and, for the instruction of his countrymen, has published his diary of the thirty-six days the journey occupied (Leipzig: Veit & Co.; New York: Westermann). His pages are crammed full of facts and figures; he is particular to give precise dimensions, dates, and hack fares, mentions the hour at which he leaves or arrives at a town, stating in parenthesis the population of the place and the omnibus fare from the station to the hotel. In short, he furnishes a useful handbook which will save those who follow in his wake the sad necessity of keeping or publishing a diary of their own.

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Mr. William Cary has edited with skill and Mr. De Vinne has printed with taste 'A Record of the Dinner of the New York Graduates of Yale University in Commemoration of Victories in Rowing, Baseball, and other Athletic Contests, February 16, 1889.' The complete text of a dozen or more after-dinner speeches is given here, and thus the 'Record' gains value as a hand-book of American post-prandial oratory. Herein the social philosopher will find the "off-hand address," with its store of anecdotes more or less remote (in origin and in application). And two other things more concrete may be found also. First, a letter from Mr. J. D. Wickham, of the class of 1815, the oldest living graduate, who records that he was well acquainted with Nathan Birdseye of the class of 1736! And second is the significant assertion of Mr. Twitchell, who rowed in the race of 1859, that every member of the Yale crew and every member of the rival Harvard crew went to the war which broke out two years later.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford (New York: Macmillan), has published, in a small quarto, the 'Chronicon Galfridi le Baker de Swynebroke,' edited, with notes, by Edward Maunde Thompson, principal librarian of the British Museum. This chronicle extends from 1303 to 1356, and is a principal authority for, among other events, the battles of Bannockburn, Crecy, and especially Poitiers. A "Chroniculum" appended to the larger work, containing twenty pages, is really an introduction. The notes are very full, and are illustrated with three excellent maps—of the march of Edward III. in 1346, the raid of the Black Prince in 1355, and the battle of Poitiers.

An interesting episode in the history of Spain is narrated in 'Don Carlos d'Aragon, Prince de Viane,' by G. Desdevises du Dezert, a volume of 455 pages (Paris: Colin). This prince, who was born in 1421 and died in 1461, had a life full of strange vicissitudes. The legitimate King of Navarre after the death of his mother Blanche (1441), he was deprived of his inheritance by his father, afterwards King John II. of Aragon, who was lawfully only king-consort of Navarre. The life of Don Carlos was occupied with a long-continued struggle for his rights, in which he was aided by his uncle, Alfonso the Magnanimous, and in which he suffered exile and imprisonment. He was, says his historian, "not only the last national sovereign of Navarre, and the representative of Catalan independence, he counted also among the most cultivated princes of his time." The book is a worthy contribution to mediæval history, especially as giving information of a history so little known as that of Navarre.

Students of Maximilian's ill-fated empire should procure Paul Gaulot's 'Rêve d'Empire: la Vérité sur l' Expédition du Mexique' (Paris: Ollendorff). M. Gaulot has composed this work from the incomplete notes made by the late Ernest Louet, chief paymaster of the expeditionary corps, who was cut off in the midst of researches for a similar publication. As we read in *Polybiblion*, it appears that Napoleon III. entertained the scheme of a foreign establishment in Mexico unfriendly to the United States two years before he offered a throne to Maximilian.

We have received from Prof. Paul Fredericq of Ghent a copy of his 'De l'Enseignement Supérieur de l'Histoire et de la Géographie en Hollande,' a companion to his previously published papers on historical instruction in France, Germany, and Great Britain. The material is rather slight. History is neglected in the universities of Holland, and were it not that the religious history of the Netherlands has been taken up with zeal by the theological professors, there would not be much to say upon the subject. "Shut out from the Faculty of Letters, history has thus found an unexpected asylum among the theologians." The description of the several universities and their professors is in the same graphic style, and illustrated with the same entertaining detail, as in M. Fredericq's previous papers.

The most skilful and humorous draughtsman who calls himself "Caran d'Ache," has just collected half a hundred pages of his comic sketches into an 'Album Caran d'Ache' (Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Cie.; New York: F. W. Christern), which we may recommend heartily to all lovers of pictorial humor. The Franco-Russian artist has an astonishing fecundity of humorous invention, and an extraordinary industry in working out the subsidiary details of his subject. See, for example, the individuality of each of the dogs in the series called "La Plus Belle Conquête de l'Homme," and again in the "Chasse au Tigre . . . à Batignolles." Indeed, dogs—after horses and soldiers—are what M. Caran d'Ache does best. As good as anything in the book is the "Appareil à Duel," arranged first that there shall not be a fatal issue, and then that there shall be. Here again the attendant dogs of the duellists are delightful; but they yield in humor to the attendant surgeon.

A new National University which opens in Chicago on October 1 is to have an organ in the *National Magazine*, devoted to literary, educational, and scientific subjects.

The current number of the *Technology Architectural Review* (Boston) contains some creditable examples of the premiated work of the Institute. Mr. C. A. Cummings continues his "Outline of a Spanish Tour," with architectural indications, and mention even of the railroad distances and fares.

In recent numbers of the (London) *Bookbinder* there have been letters on the bookbindings in the Paris Exhibition, obviously from the pen of an English binder, who knows enough to appreciate the best French work, but not enough to see the vast gap which yawns between that and the best work of the ordinary English binders—among whom we do not include Mr. Cobden-Saunderson.

M. Octave Uzanne gives prominent editorial advertisement in *Le Livre* for August of an ingenious one-man society for producing works by the masters of contemporary French engraving. Every one knows the tendency of all associations of amateurs either to be divided as to the choice of their proposed creations or to fail to keep to a high level. M. Henri Béraldi, author of 'Graveurs du XIXe. Siècle,' makes himself president and treasurer of the society which he designates "L'Estampe Française," fixes the undertakings and pays the cost of the engraving. Those who wish to share the expense with him on these terms may do so, but they will have no vote in the direction. M. Charles Glinel exhumes from the *Keepsake Français* of 1832 a discarded poem of Alfred de Musset's, "Derniers Moments de François Ier," a dialogue between King and Jester, which recalls by association Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse." A third paper is by Henri de Rochessauvre, and summarizes a small and little-known work of Machiavelli's—'Ritratti delle cose della Francia' and 'Ritratti delle cose della Alamagna.' One might expect a comment having a bearing on contemporary feeling between the two countries, but such is not the case, and the article is light and pleasant reading, and revives an Italian calculation as to the peace of Europe at the opening of the 16th century.

—The third volume of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of the 'Writings of George Washington' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has both an historical and a dramatic unity. It covers nine months of the years 1775-1776, from Washington's taking command of the forces about Boston to the evacuation of that city by the British. The episode to the main action is the Canadian expedition of Montgomery and Arnold. Washington's annoyances, in this crude beginning of a contest of which few foresaw the extent, were numerous and constant. There was a dearth of powder, which restricted offensive operations and made the defence of his works precarious. The officering of his command developed the usual jealousies, especially in the collision between Continental and colonial commissions. Soldiers would not enlist till they knew who their officers were to be—with good reason, seeing that some were cashiered for fraud and cowardice—and in the Massachusetts regiments the officers were chosen by the men, and were accordingly remarked for their subserviency to their creators. The absence of class distinctions among these New Englanders, and of what Charles Lee called the "decent distance of officers," struck Washington and the Southern members of his family as something very odd and deplorable. General Greene wrote in December, 1775, that "his Excellency . . . has not had time to make himself acquainted with the genius of this people." Their homesickness when it was a question of prolonging their service by entering the Continental army, so that furloughs had to be given them, was certainly not appreciated. Washington was for enlisting free negroes, but the Southern influence prevailed with Congress to limit this practice to reënlistments. He forwards to Joseph Reed a letter and poem addressed to him by the negro poetess, Phillis Wheatley, which he had been disposed to publish "with a view of doing justice to her great poetical genius"; and in a very civil letter of February 28, acknowledging her "elegant lines," he hopes to have the pleasure of an interview. "Your obedient humble servant," he signs himself. This volume has been very freely annotated by Mr. Ford, who perhaps overlooked an opportunity to point out Washington's indebtedness to Addison for his pet phrase about *deserving* success though one cannot command it.

— We have received from Mr. C. P. Huntington a map of Equatorial Africa, accompanying a circular headed "A Few Words to Americans on the Slave Trade." Mr. Huntington has, he says, for many years felt deeply the wrongs done to the African race, and has been interested in their future, and he now proposes a plan for making the nineteenth century—already preëminent for emancipation on the grand scale—for ever illustrious by the extinction of the slave trade and its attendant evils. In brief, his scheme is for an international policing of the great waterways of Africa on two lines, viz., east and west by the Congo, Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, ending on the east coast at Mombasa; and north and south, by the Nile, the lakes just mentioned, Lake Nyassa, and the Zambesi, ending on the south at Quilimane. Railways do not, as might perhaps have been anticipated, enter into this arrangement to any very considerable extent. The proposed Congo railroad, one from Suakim to Berber, and one from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza, are all that are delineated on the map; the rest is water. There is, to our thinking, nothing impracticable about this conception, which involves not only the destruction of the infernal trade in human

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beings, but also the security of the peoples now harried by it, the establishment of industry, and the indefinite expansion of commerce. Mr. Huntington's map is colored to show the devastated region, the routes of slave caravans, etc. We hope he will take counsel of Mr. Stanley on the latter's emergence from the "dark continent," of which we seem to have authentic promise.

— In a letter printed in another column, Mr. David H. Jerome of Saginaw, Mich., explains the connection between the retirement of Montgomery Blair from President Lincoln's Cabinet and Gen. Frémont's withdrawal as a candidate for the Presidency in 1864. That the two events were connected with each other in some way was made probable by the fact that they took place simultaneously. Together they constituted the most important political event of the year. That Mr. Lincoln's reëlection was put in serious jeopardy by the "Frémont movement" is a fact well known to all persons whose memory goes back so far. Yet this movement is belittled and ridiculed by Mr. Lincoln's biographers in the *Century Magazine*, and Mr. Blair's withdrawal from the Cabinet is ascribed to different grounds—that is, to general dissatisfaction on the part of the Radicals of the period, not to the particular dissatisfaction of one person. This one person, Mr. Jerome tells us, was Henry Winter Davis, not Gen. Frémont, as we conjectured in a paragraph previously referring to the subject. The intermediary in the affair was the late Senator Chandler of Michigan.

— Mr. Jerome's statements are so precise, he having accompanied Senator Chandler in his mission, they harmonize so perfectly with all the facts otherwise known, and they explain so fully the withdrawal of Mr. Lincoln's favorite Cabinet Minister (for Mr. Blair was his favorite, so far as he had one in his official family), that we cannot doubt their substantial accuracy. We hope that Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in the revised edition of their work, will introduce these important facts, although they may necessitate the recasting of one or two chapters. It will be helpful to the truth of history, and to a correct knowledge of Mr. Lincoln's character, to show that he was not at all squeamish as a politician. In order to carry a point which he considered important to the country, or to his own party, he would make a bargain as readily as another man, but he would not make a bargain distinctly immoral in itself. It was not immoral, under the circumstances then existing, to sacrifice Blair in order to get the Frémont ticket out of the field, but, of course, it would have provoked criticism at the time if it had been known.

—Again we have to deplore the loss of one of our most valued contributors, in the person of William Allan, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief Ordnance Officer, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (Stonewall Jackson's), and at the time of his death, on September 17, Principal of the McDonogh School near Baltimore. Col. Alian was born near Winchester, Va., in 1837, and was an accomplished mathematician and engineer. The war was no sooner over than he set about writing the history of that part of it which came under his observation. His two works, 'Chancellorsville' (1867) and 'Jackson's Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, November 4, 1861—June 17, 1862' (1880), in both of which he had Capt. Jed Hotchkiss for his colaborer, won attention immediately by their clearness, accuracy, impartiality, and self-restraint. We doubt if any more truly military or more trustworthy memoirs have been evoked by the civil war. Col. Allan, putting by other offers, accepted the headship of the McDonogh School in 1873, and in 1887 published the third and last of his works (as known to us), the 'Life and Work of John McDonogh,' the founder of the institution. This biography will always remain an interesting memorial of American philanthropy under difficulties, moral and material. We doubt if the writer himself was conscious of the light it shed on the Southern mind and ethics in the old slavery days. In 1882 Col. Allan began his connection with this paper as a reviewer of books relating to the war, whether from the Federal or Confederate side, and he continued to render this service (not wholly confided to him, we ought to add) up to last year—the lack of material alone causing a cessation. As an educator he will be greatly missed, and his memory held in very high esteem.

— Dr. George Hamill Cook, State Geologist of New Jersey, whose sudden death on Sunday, at New Brunswick, we record with unfeigned regret, was born at Hanover, N. J., on January 5, 1818. He graduated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, N. Y., in the not undistinguished class of 1839, and remained as instructor for a number of years, holding the chair of chemistry from 1841 to 1846, and of geology and engineering from 1842 to 1846. After a short experience as a manufacturer, he resumed his teaching, first as professor of mathematics in the Albany Academy, then as its principal, and then, in 1853, as professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in Rutgers College, with which institution he was steadily connected up to the time of his death. He could hardly have had a better training for the main work of his life, which began directly with his becoming an assistant in the Geological Survey of New Jersey (1854-56). To this department he brought fresh energy, and was in 1864 made its head, and he lived to see completed the great Atlas of New Jersey, executed under his direction as an example to all the other States of the Union. His final Geologic Report had advanced one volume towards print when he was taken away. Meanwhile, he had been appointed director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, in 1880, and risen to be president of the local water board of New Brunswick, and become a member of the State Board of Health, and chief director of the State Weather Service. He managed the Survey with great shrewdness and the utmost economy, without waste as without display, and always with an eye to the material advantage of the people of the State. He commanded their unbounded confidence, and they freely granted him the modest maintenance which he asked for science. Prof. Cook was a man of perfect simplicity of manner, of real modesty and transparent integrity, certain to be loved, as he was, and to be missed, as he will be. Though past three-score and ten, he died in the harness and in the active exercise of unabated powers.

— The latest report about the unfortunate Erckmann-Chatrian rupture is contained in a brief article which M. Fernand Xau publishes in the *Écho de Paris*. The friends of M. Erckmann consider it necessary to deny the ridiculous charges of his lack of patriotism, which M. Georgel asserted were proved by Erckmann's continuing to live among Germans in Alsace. It seems that he was ordered back to Phalsbourg by his physicians in order that he might breathe his native air, but he lives there in retirement. In fact, he never goes out, except in a carriage, in order to avoid the Germans, and has given up his old joyous evenings at the *brasserie* and the delights of "la chope mousseuse." All this is absurd enough, but perhaps excusable in the present state of French feeling towards Germany. What is of somewhat more importance is the assertion that M. Erckmann has never received what is his fair share of the profits of the literary work in which he has collaborated, and that the referee to whom the case was submitted by consent of both parties gave him an award. Of still more consequence is the announcement that M. Erckmann is about to publish a volume containing a full history of the long partnership, and that this will be for the most part documentary.

THE LOSSES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Regimental Losses in the American Civil War. By Wm. F. Fox, Lt. Col. U. S. V. Albany Publishing Co. 1889. 4to, pp. vi, 595.

At once, and without preamble or qualification, it may be said that this is a very valuable book, by whose creation the author has made not merely military students, but all patriotic Americans, his debtors. Modestly presented "only as a convenient digest of official publications," with an apology that a private citizen should undertake such a work, it is really an elaborate, painstaking, and apparently accurate discussion from the regimental standpoint of the Union casualty statistics in the late war.

War is force carried to the last extremity. There are campaigns where manœuvres replace battles, but in the end, with armies at all nearly equal, battles must be fought and lives be lost. No general can compel the surrender of his adversary without a trial of strength; no nation will relinquish its pretensions without an exercise of that force to which an appeal has been taken. When the shock comes, some, doubtless many, individual lives are needlessly sacrificed by errors in the field, the victor blundering as well as the vanquished. But at last pressure, which is a euphemism for death, overcomes resistance, and the weakened side gives way. It may be six weeks and one Königgrätz, or four years and the blood that flowed between Gettysburg and the Gulf, that are required to settle the dispute, but the ultimate argument is the same. Col. Fox is right, then, when he lays stress on the tribute of life as the measure of practical devotion each regiment yielded. He does not question what others might have done, he simply records what some have done. And he is right, also, in using the regiment as the standard, for, as he says, the relative importance of the various points on the battle-field where there was contact and where the pressure was greatest, where valor and heroism were most displayed, are best shown by studying the behavior of those units, the military families that encamped about and marched under the same colors. Perhaps, too, the unaccustomed mind can best grasp such facts and the connected conditions when thus grouped. Eighteen thousand men falling from eighty or one hundred thousand Unionists at Gettysburg make a less clearly defined picture than the 224 casualties that occurred among the 262 members of the First Minnesota on that field. The greatest loss of life does not necessarily imply the greatest service, but, as a rule, great military service was marked by great loss of life.

More than two and three-quarters million separate enlistments, representing somewhat less than two million individuals, were made in the two thousand-and-odd regiments called

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into the national service for varying periods, with unequal numbers and to different duties. The author's attempt is to reduce these very complex figures to something like a common basis, and he has succeeded in separating their factors so as to make classification possible. But his special object is to determine regimental mortuary losses, and with this aim he consolidates those dying of their wounds with those killed outright. It seems to us that he might have gone a step further and reckoned those discharged for disability on account of wounds, if not with the dead, at least in a separate column. In the field this cannot be done, or, rather, to do it would require time and energy better otherwise employed. The general must know, and know promptly, how many of his men are killed outright, how many are missing, and, especially, how many others are disabled. Hence the field return. He cannot wait to have determined the ultimate fate of the wounded. But to the statistician, and ultimately to the statesman and the economist, it is of great public importance to realize the deaths, whether immediate or remote, and, as we think, the number of those whose fighting days are past. But, disregarding those who were discharged, whether ultimately dying, recovering, or remaining crippled, it appears that, taking the war throughout, the killed outright were to all the wounded as 1 to 4.8, while those who lost their lives from battle were to those wounded but not dying in service as 1 to 2.5. This is approximately correct, taking one battle as a whole with another as well as for the entire war, but it by no means holds good for all the regiments engaged. Close quarters with a resisting foe means a high mortality, both actually and comparatively.

It would be interesting, but it is impossible, to notice all the features of this cyclopædia; but, to cite some of the remarkable statistics here collated, we find, for instance, that there were 45 infantry regiments that lost 200 or more killed or mortally wounded in action, the 5th New Hampshire leading with 295, while of the heavy artillery regiments, which in effect were overgrown infantry, the 1st Maine heads the list with 423, and of the cavalry again the 1st Maine with 174. But actual loss and percentage of loss are not identical. There were 200 regiments whose deaths in action were 10 per cent. or more of their entire enrolment, and of these 22 lost 15 per cent. or more, the 2d Wisconsin leading with 19.7 per cent. (This regiment received in all nearly 900 casualties among its total membership of 1,203). Of course, the percentage of loss to those actually engaged is still higher, as a certain number of men are always on duty other than with the firing line. And the author has added an astonishing table, confessedly not complete, of sixty-nine regiments in twenty-three distinct engagements where the casualties (not the mortality) ranged from 50 to 82 per cent. of those engaged, and in which nearly if not entirely all the missing were known to be killed or wounded. By way of comparison, observe that the Light Brigade at Balaklava lost 36.7 per cent.; the Third Westphalian at Mars La Tour sustained the heaviest German loss at 49.4, and the Garde-Schützen at Metz lost 41 per cent., almost their extreme. Another table gives a list of 260 regiments whose death-rate alone exceeded 10 per cent. in individual battles. This includes the duplication of certain famous commands, where they suffered thus more than once. The 1st Minnesota leads with 28 per cent. at Gettysburg, followed by the 25th Massachusetts, with 23 per cent., at Cold Harbor. It is worth noting that the fire from the muzzle-loading rifles of the rebellion was quite as effective as that from the breech-loaders in France in 1870-71.

The volume contains brief but intelligible and excellent sketches of all the army corps and of a few of the more famous divisions. Then follow 300 pages of regimental statistics, a page to a regiment. These give the figures by companies, the actions and resulting deaths, and a concise regimental sketch in the form of notes. The author carefully disclaims setting these up as the best 300, but he is perfectly justified in his assertion that they were 300 fighting regiments. These in turn are succeeded by a list of 225 battles, with the regiments sustaining the greatest losses in each, and this again by a list by States of all the regiments and batteries, with mortality from all causes, and a running commentary upon them. The book closes with naval statistics and a chapter upon Confederate losses. From this last we cannot refrain from extracting this story of Gettysburg: On the first day Capt. Tuttle's Co. of 26th N. C. "went into action with 3 officers and 84 men; all of the officers and 83 of the men were killed or wounded." On the same day Co. "C," 11th N. C., of the same brigade, lost 2 officers killed and 34 out of 38 men killed or wounded, and on the third Capt. Bird took the 4 remaining men into the charge and brought out the colors himself. Such figures need no eulogy.

The treatise is wisely and absolutely free from all discussion of battles or campaigns in any tactical or strategical sense. It deals with no might-have-beens, but confines itself strictly to a recital of facts without expression of opinion upon the facts. This self-control is the more remarkable because of the author's intimate acquaintance with the family history of the army, developed by the years of study that have gone into this book. This silence adds greatly to the value of the work. But it is a soldierly reticence, not the dulness of ignorance or indifference. He simply does not wander beyond his self appointed lines. When he does allow himself to speak, it is apparent that the military sentiment has well survived the long years that have covered the memories of Virginia and Tennessee. He still feels the injustice and does not hesitate to denounce the stupidity of the War Department in ignoring the sentiment that is such an important military factor, and, by disbanding corps and transferring brigades, disregarding and crushing the *esprit* that is such a stimulant. Enthusiasm is a military virtue always to be cherished. As would be supposed, Col. Fox is an earnest advocate for careful recognition of regimental feeling, and lays great stress upon the distinct duty of complete records, in justice to the enlisted man who cannot expect to win personal fame, but whose honor is bound up collectively with his fellows'. But he is too hopeful when he looks for a working agreement with the enemy to respect the neutrality of such rolls. While discussing these general principles he might have inveighed against the useless multiplication of regiments, against the inane stoppage of enlistments, and then the deluge of new organizations, while the old and disciplined ones were permitted to be frayed out under the unceasing attrition of the field. He might have cried out against the enormous bounties and the consequent rascalities, and against the loose inspections that accepted herds of infirm men to "fill the quota" and then to be discharged, now possibly unworthy pensioners by the grace and generosity of the nation. It is true all this is strictly beside his subject, but it is in the direction of regimental efficiency; and in another edition we hope such an essay may find a place.

This new 'Book of Martyrs' will give its author a very enviable position as a student who has done important work well; it will become an authority, and it adds another to the list of necessary books of reference for military students and for public libraries. The very few errors we have observed are trivial and not worth attention. It is excellently printed and thoroughly indexed.

CHRISTIANITY IN FORMOSA.

Missionary Success in Formosa. By the Rev. William Campbell. London: Trübner & Co.

It is an evidence of the looseness of the political organization of the Chinese empire that, until within the last two decades, China has done little to prove her ownership of Formosa. This beautiful and fertile island, so aptly named by the Portuguese, lies almost within sight of her main shores, and comprises an area of about fifteen thousand square miles, beneath and on the surface of which are bountiful resources. Yet the eastern half is unknown, unsubdued, and inhabited by independent tribes of savage aborigines. These warlike people defy the rule of the Son of Heaven, and look upon the Chinese only as creatures with heads to be taken to adorn their villages. Chinese skulls and hair-queues serve the same purposes in Formosan decorative art as the scalps of white people do in the adornment of the Indian belts and lodges in America. The passion for head-hunting among these Pacific islanders will be ineradicable until conquest or Christianity has greatly modified their ferocious traits.

On old Chinese maps, Formosa is hardly outlined, and even on those printed within a quarter of a century the eastern half of the island is not marked as Chinese territory. Besides the traditions binding together the Formosan, Loochooan, and Japanese (the custom of head-hunting being in primeval times the same), this island was in the seventeenth century the refuge of some thousands of natives of Nippon during the anti-Christian persecution, Formosa at that time having few Chinese inhabitants. Hence it was more than the transient political "capital" of a war-party which led the Japanese to make an armed descent on Formosa to chastise the Bu-tan savages. Their first purpose accomplished—after the Americans, for example, had ignominiously failed—they established a permanent camp, and refused to remove or apologize until the Government at Peking had bought them off with an indemnity. From that time dates the first serious attempt to make the island an integral part of China. Even yet the eastern coast is a menace to civilization, and the prospect of crews being shipwrecked and eaten is by no means an imaginary one. The Chinese pirates —as the recent attack on the American steamer *San Pablo* in the Formosan channel shows— are bad enough; but to have cannibals inhabiting with impunity a long coast of nearly two hundred miles in the very track of the world's commerce is a disgrace to China. True, the eastern side of Formosa is much less traversed than the western or Chinese side, yet it is an inexcusable shame that China has not yet subdued the tribes on the cannibal side of this beautiful island. Our own records of mercantile disaster on this coast, though few, are sufficiently horrible, while the death of our sailors and the loss of the gallant young officer Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, jr., are still fresh in

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the minds of naval men of this generation. Whether wholly justifiable or not, the Japanese invasion of 1874 at least aroused the Chinese to action, and in a measure earned the gratitude of the civilized world.

Since 1865 the Presbyterian Church of England, and since 1872 the Presbyterian Church of Canada, have established flourishing Christian missions in the Chinese part of the island. One of the English missionaries, the Rev. William Campbell, has retold the interesting story of Dutch Christianity in Formosa, and modestly narrated that of his own work. Having recently discovered in Holland and reprinted Domine Gravius's translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew, he has followed up that publication by the present 'Missionary Success in Formosa.' The two comely duodecimo volumes from the press of Trübner & Co. contain fine portraits of two Dutch missionaries and of a famous Formosan chief, whose descendant is now pastor of a self-supporting church of over a hundred members. A plan of Tai-wan city and a good colored map of Formosa are added. The rare pamphlet published in London in 1650, descriptive "of the conversion of 5,900 East Indians in the Isle Formosa, neere China," etc., is here reprinted, with valuable appendices, in the form of extracts from Grothe's 'Archives for the History of Dutch Foreign Missions,' a work of great learning and research recently issued in Holland. This part of Mr. Campbell's work, treating of Dutch Christianity in Formosa, occupies 214 pages, and is full of thrilling episodes. The planting of commercial and missionary stations in America, Asia, and Africa, in which the minister and schoolmaster were almost invariably important persons in each colony, was one of the outlets to the fresh energy of the little Protestant republic. While the Spaniards secured the Philippine Islands, and the Portuguese Macao, the Dutch made their lodgment on the Pescadore Islands as a strategic point for the control of the northern Chinese and Japanese markets. The Chinese Government, however, objected to this high-handed measure, and induced the Dutch by bribes, rather than by force, to remove elsewhere and outside of China. Formosa was at that time unclaimed and practically unknown, so the Dutch were allowed to settle in this large and fertile land. They fortified Tai-wan, and began commercial and missionary operations on a large scale. From 1624 to 1662, no fewer than thirty-two ordained missionaries served at various times in the field, and the number of converts, members of churches, was in 1650 nearly 6,000. In the list of domines given, it is interesting to find the names of some who were in all probability relatives of Dutch clergymen contemporaneously in New Amsterdam. Among these was Rutger Tesschemaker, whose kinsman, Domine Petrus Tesschemaker (for whose ordination as pastor at Schenectady, the first ecclesiastical ordaining council in America was called), lost his life in the massacre. Candidus, the pioneer missionary and translator in Formosa — after whom Mr. Campbell in his explorations named a large lake, possibly the only important one in the island—recommended that the missionaries should come out single, and marry the native women; but this does not seem to have been done. Considerable numbers of the colonists from Holland were women. The Dutch language was taught to the most intelligent of the natives; but for most of them the Dutch liturgy and articles of the faith (Apostles' Creed) were done into the Sin-kang dialect. The standard of theology and instruction, the same as that taught in Holland in all the Dutch colonies, including that on Manhattan Island, was the Heidelberg Catechism.

Thus, with ships and trade, fort and garrison, homes, schools, churches, and a Christianized neighborhood, the Dutch settlement at Tai-wan was a scene of peace, prosperity, and promise until all was overwhelmed in ruin by Coxinga. The Manchiu Tâtars, descending out of the north like a flood, had overthrown the Ming dynasty, conquered China, enforced the wearing of the hair-tail or queue as a token of subjugation on the Chinese. In this period of disorder, Koku-sen-ya, as the Japanese call this son of one of their women by a Chinese father, whom foreigners call Coxinga, rose to mighty power as a buccaneer. Driven from the mainland and ports of China by the sure establishment of the Manchius in power, he turned his attention to the Dutch. Having seized certain parts of the island, he sent a flag of truce into the port at five P. M., May 24, 1662, demanding its surrender. He named himself Teybingh Kok-Seng (Tai-Ping Koku-Sen). With a courage that few readers of Dietrich Knickerbocker would suspect in Dutchmen, the Governor and Council refused to surrender. Then followed a siege with artillery. Despite the overwhelming odds, the garrison of Tai-wan held out, until, having seen the fleet sent to rescue them dispersed by tempests or stranded, and 1,600 of their number dead of disease or wounds, the remnant was forced to surrender. The most horrible barbarities, including crucifixion, were then perpetrated, the Dutch ladies being made concubines to the Chinese soldiers; though it was a particular amelioration to the lot of the latter to fall to the single men, and thus escape the life-long persecution of other wives and women. Dutch Christianity in Formosa, save as it survived in the wail of the hopeless captives, was utterly blotted out, and for 200 years the name of Jesus was forgotten in the island.

The story of modern missionary success occupies the last third of the first and all of the second volume of Mr. Campbell's fascinating work. His many journeys through known and unknown parts of the island, and especially among the cannibals and head-hunters; his personal adventures and dangers; the episode of the French bombardment; his visit to the Pescadore Islands, are told with clearness, modesty, and in sprightly style. The book is one of unusual value and interest, and will be read by many who do not habitually seek their literary pabulum in the writings of missionaries. Since Mr. E. H. House wrote of the Japanese expedition to Formosa, we have had no book which gives us so many glimpses of life on this, one of the fairest islands on earth.

HAWAIIAN LEGENDS.

The Legends and Myths of Hawaii. The Fables and Folk-Lore of a Strange People. By His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakaua. Edited, with an introduction, by Hon. R. M. Daggett, late United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands. Charles L. Webster & Co.

THE volume before us has the unusual interest that its author is himself one of the race whose legends and myths he has recorded. Readers of the *Nation* will not need to be reminded that King Kalakaua is a writer of good and fluent English. He is quite competent, as far as literary handling is implied, to produce this interesting collection of Polynesian stories. But Mr. Daggett's collaboration has been of much service, and his full introduction gives a summary of the geography, the history, the leading usages, and the princely genealogies of the Hawaiian Islands from the earliest date.

The definite history of the group does not extend beyond the middle of the eighteenth century, when the reign of Kalaniopuu began. The remote ancestors of the Polynesians are supposed by some theorists to have moved from some point upon the Aryan plateau. However this may be, they were diffused through the central Pacific Ocean by the way of the Samoan and Society groups, reaching the Hawaiian group about the middle of the sixth century. Fornander thinks that the one point of dispersal was Samoa. During the tenth century a second immigration from these islands reached the coast of Hawaii, "continuing for more than a century and a half, and completely changing the political, and to some extent the social, condition of the people." Here tradition takes up the history of the group, and from the eleventh century to the present time a full conspectus is given of the ruling families as far as tradition has preserved them. Interesting portraits of the leading members of the present ruler's house are added, of the King and his Queen, of his elder sister, the heir apparent, and of the little Princess Kauilani, her own direct heir. Another list has been prepared with unusual care —that of the "elemental, industrial, and tutelar deities" of Hawaii. Of the former group Kane was the organizer, Ku the architect and builder, Lono the executor; while Kanaloa was the Lucifer or fallen angel—an odd suggestion of the personages in the popular religious system. The names of the volcanic deities have about them a certain wild native poetry; among them are: *Hiiaka-noho-lani*, the Heaven-dwelling Cloud-holder; *Hiiaka-kaalawamaka*, the Quick-glancing Cloud-holder; *Kapohoikahiola*, the God of Explosions in the Palace of Life.

A very intelligent sketch of the ancient government and social usages is given, in which one of the most interesting passages is the following: "In the royal families, to subserve purposes of state, father and daughter, brother and sister, uncle and niece frequently united as man and wife. The children of such unions were esteemed of the highest rank, and, strange to say, no mental or physical deterioration seemed to result from these incestuous relations." There seems to be no doubt of the accuracy of the facts here stated. The magnificent physical development, the clear and active minds, and the noble manners of the higher chiefs are matters well within the memory of the present writer and of other former residents of the group. How far these were due to breeding and how far to favoring conditions of life is not a simple question; and the inquiry is one for which sufficiently numerous and accurate data have hardly been gathered; in C. S. Stewart's 'Journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands,' 1830, p. 129, some particulars may be found. It is the usual function of foreign civilization to despise aboriginal usages and to destroy aboriginal culture wherever it is found; and it is much to be regretted that the most interesting of data—those which relate to the physical continuance of the species—have been in the main neglected in the record of the undoing of the Polynesian.

We note in this Introduction some inaccuracies, as, for instance, the view that the Hawaiian and other islands of the Pacific are the summits of a submerged continent. This theory, as Mr. Alfred Wallace has pointed out with clearness, is entirely at variance with our geological knowledge. On page 56 the mention is made of the "sea-bird the *mamo*," which supplies the precious yellow feathers of which the Hawaiian royal cloaks are made, and the

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usual statement of travellers is repeated, that "a single yellow feather is found under each wing of the *mamo*." This is inaccurate. The *mamo* is the cloak; the bird is a mountain-bird named *uho*. We have shot it ourselves upon the mountains of Hawaii, and have found under each wing not a single feather only, but a small tuft of feathers of varying size, the largest being about an inch and a quarter in length. The king's bird-catchers took the *uho* with bird-lime made from the juice of the bread-fruit tree; from under each wing they plucked one or two of these largest feathers, and then liberated the bird uninjured for the smaller feathers to grow. It took scores of thousands of such feathers to make the royal cloaks which visitors to Honolulu, as late as the sixties, will remember seeing in the coral-built palaces of the last of the Kamehamehas, and of which but a few are now in existence; for the Hawaiians of the old time were capable of the splendid sacrifice of burying one of these priceless cloaks with the body of a king.

Turning now to the body of the work, we find twenty-one titles; they are partly pure legends and partly history intermingled. The author acknowledges especial indebtedness to Judge Fornander, whose account of the 'Polynesian Race' has heretofore been reviewed in these columns, and, though open to much objection upon the scientific side, has yet brought together a large amount of new record in the matter of traditions and history. We cannot outline these stories, which give a fair representation of the sentiment and the poetry, the warlike, the barbarous, and the kindly usages alike of this most interesting people. The alien wildness of the Polynesian imagination will not always hold the reader of our own race, for it takes him into regions too remote from his sympathies and training. Yet in it, frequently, there are touches which, though they are strange to our own imaginative genius, still have a wild beauty that we cannot fail to recognize. Such is the concluding story, that of Kaha, the Princess of Manoa. This beautiful creature is slain by a jealous lover named Kauhi, who fells her to the earth with a cone of *hala* nuts; and, after burying the girl's body, he starts down the valley toward Waikiki.

"He had scarcely left before a large owl—a god in that guise who was related to Kaha and had followed her—unearthed the body, rubbed his head against the bruised temple, and restored the girl to life. Overtaking Kauhi, Kaha sang behind him a lament at his unkindness. Turning in amazement, he observed the owl flying above her head, and recognized the power that had restored her to life.

"Again ordering Kaha to follow him, they ascended the ridge dividing the valleys of Manoa and Nuuanu. The way was beset with sharp rocks and tangled undergrowth, and when Kaha reached the summit her tender feet were bleeding and her *pau* [zone] was in tatters. Seating herself on a stone to regain her breath, with tears in her eyes she implored Kauhi to tell her whither he was leading her and why he had sought to kill her. His only reply was a blow with the *hala* cone, which again felled her dead to the earth. Burying the body as before, he resumed his way towards Waikiki.

"Again flying to the rescue of his beautiful and sinless relative, the owl-god scratched away the earth above her and restored her once more to life. Following Kauhi, she again chanted a song of lament behind him, and begged him to be merciful to one who had never wronged him, even in thought. Hearing her voice, he turned, and without answer conducted her across the valley of Nuuanu to the ridge of Waolani, where he killed and buried her as he had done twice before, and the owl-god a third time removed the earth from the body and gave it life."

It is only after the fifth immolation that the Princess of Manoa is delivered from her assailant and united to his rival; her parents, "the Wind and Rain of Manoa," approving the marriage.

In this we have a note distinctly alien to that of the northern imagination, one that reminds us strongly of the legends of the Mahābhārata; yet it is not so remote as to be lacking in charm. Another noticeable and beautiful story is that of the Sacred Spear-Point. The story of Kaiana, the last of the Hawaiian knights, was told years ago by the late James Jackson Jarves, the historian of the Islands, at greater length. Among other recitals, that of the "Destruction of the Temples" gives the history of the year 1819, when the Hawaiian gods were spontaneously abandoned by the natives themselves; so that when the first missionaries arrived, in 1820, they found that their claim, so to speak, was entirely cleared of theological underbrush.

King Kalakaua has long taken a praiseworthy interest in the history of his country, and his part in the execution of the present work is considerable and creditable. Much of these 'Legends and Myths' is new. The work is a real contribution to the growing literature of the subject.

Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, together with a few of later years, and some of Thomas Carlyle. All hitherto unpublished. Edited by David G. Ritchie, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

THE domestic infelicities of the Carlyles have not occasioned a more entertaining book than this, in which Mr. Ritchie has collected the early letters of Jane Welsh to his grand-aunt, Miss Eliza Stodart, her cousin-confidante, to whom she wrote in the fulness of a heart of twenty years and many lovers, with liveliness equal to her levity, and an abandon in expression which saves the trivial interests and events of Haddington from becoming over-wearisome to the most tried reader. Entertainment at least we can promise him, and also some real illumination of the character of Mrs. Carlyle discoverable in the expansiveness, the sentiment and romance, the vexations and flirtations and tribulations of Jane Welsh. Slight as the material is of which this correspondence was made, it was enough to take and retain the stamp, "the form and living pressure," of a vivacious young girl who, when she dreamed of "marrying a genius," little thought what a world would peep over her shoulder by consequence.

Carlyle, we believe, denied that Jane Welsh was a flirt; his account of the matter was that every one fell in love with her because she was so attractive. Perhaps it was so; certainly we do not see her "setting her cap" at any one—she was too proud for that; but she as certainly had a long train of lovers, and she delighted, woman-like, in this tribute to her charms. She had thoughts bent on marriage, and the chances that time and circumstances threw in her way were an unfailing source of sarcasm or sentiment, as the case might be. She had her ideal, too, of both lover and husband out of Rousseau; she sighs for a Wolmar or a St.-Preux—"George Rennie! James Aitken! Robert Mac Turk! James Baird!!! Robby Angus!—O Lord, O Lord! Where is the St. Preux? Where is the Wolmar?"—and forthwith she declares she will "never marry." But Carlyle was already by her side, and she measuring him by the Rousseau standard: "He is something liker to St. Preux than George Craig is to Wolmar. He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated mind, *his* vivid imagination, *his* independence of soul, and *his* high-souled principles of honor. But then—ah, these *buts!* St.-Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his tea-cup. Want of elegance! Want of elegance, Rousseau says, is a defect which no woman can overlook," and so she concludes again for a nunnery.

Of all these lovers, George Rennie made the one impression on her heart. He had plainly enough given her reasons—struck adoring attitudes in adjusting her spurs, as she prettily remembers; sent letters, and something had some time happened in "the very room" much too trying in the recollection to be spoken of. But he had gone off without the last committal, light-hearted enough, to Rome and his sculpturing—to "ruin," says Miss Welsh; and she remains to be vexed at seeing how often she remembered him. In this case she delivers her heart up to us, much annoyed at the ungallant conduct of that "false, heartless" wretch; but in the other instances she delivers up her lovers most mercilessly bound:

"I told him among other things, in tolerably plain English, that he was given to lying (and good reason I had for saying so). In reply, he kissed my hand! This was obeying the Scriptures with a vengeance. If I had bid him get out at the door, I suppose he would have taken me in his arms. Drivelling, mean-spirited, 'thrice-doubled ass'! He is sunk immeasurable fathoms in my disdain! '*Mais, doucement, mademoiselle*'!"

So she dismisses poor, impudent "Dugald." Carlyle, meanwhile, kept on scratching the andirons "dreadfully," and sending autographs of Goethe and Byron, and "brilliant letters." The autograph of Byron occasioned a romantic burst, not unnatural to one who had written such lines upon his death as are here published from her girlish pen:

"This, then, was his handwriting! *his* whose image had haunted my imagination for years and years; whose wild, glorious spirit had tinctured all the poetry of my being! . . . All the sentiment in me was screwed up to the highest pitch; I could hardly help crying like a child or Dugald G——, and I kissed the seal with a fervor which would have graced the most passionate lover."

Such bits may serve to indicate the freshness, the natural gayety, sharp tongue, and careless candor that give to these early letters of a period not previously touched by biographers all the interest they have in themselves. They afford, moreover, much light upon the temperament, the inbred ways and views of the woman who, when her "wee existence" was behind her, still carried the old traits into new circumstances in Craigenputtock and London. The later letters give a far pleasanter impression of the life at Craigenputtock, in particular, than Froude has permitted us hitherto to have. She was happy there in work and companionship, and the little events of the day—more contented, she declares, than she had ever been in her life before—and the disagreeable is a small part in her account of it and is lightly borne. This is the principal gain, in the way of really important biography, and it is a correction that could not be so truly and surely made in any other way as it is by means of her own contemporary letters. The interest lessens in the few letters at the end, of London life; were it not for the reappearance of our old friend George Rennie on the scene, who (being married) when he is ill or blue calls upon her, they would be as dull as letters from her pen could be. The dozen letters from Carlyle are not especially notable.

The editing is excellent, but errs by excessive, not to say pedantic, conscientiousness. It is hardly necessary to put in a foot-note to tell us the source of "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us." Altogether we recommend the volume with more cheerfulness than most of the publications upon Carlyle, with the proviso

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only that it must be read as if it belonged to the last century and had lost all personality by lapse of time.

Socialism in England. By Sidney Webb. [Publications of the American Economic Association.]

We have here a very lucid account of the origin and growth of the socialist movement in England, showing how widely ideas of socialism have penetrated into every class, and what changes those ideas have already brought about on legislation. Mr. Webb explains the differences between the many forms of socialistic organizations and their varying aims, gives a brief history of their leading men, and an indication of the character and influence of their publications, with some succinct form of programme for future legislation, still very remote from actual possibilities, but towards which he considers everything is tending.

Although as a conscious popular agitation the socialist movement has only had any definite existence in England since the last eight years, the progressive socialism in English politics began to show itself in the early days of this century. The survivors of the collapsed Chartist movement transmitted their enlightenment to their comrades, while French and German refugées diffused the ideas of Marx and Lassalle among the working classes. John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, John Ruskin, and the Positivists all helped to prepare the public mind for necessary changes. Mr. Webb considers that the immense circulation of Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty' "sounded the dominant" note of the English socialist party of to-day. The adherents of George's views developed into socialists. Mr. Gladstone's coercive measures against the Irish Land League alienated the earnest Radicals among his adherents; the Egyptian policy was a further demonstration that so-called "Liberalism" would countenance many political crimes. It was the utter neglect of English social questions that caused the formation of the first socialist organization, in 1881, under the name of Democratic Federation, by the efforts of Mr. N. M. Hyndmann, Mr. Herbert Burrows, and Miss Helen Taylor (stepdaughter of J. Stuart Mill), and others, among whom Mr. W. Morris, Mr. Champion, and Mr. Joseph Cowen were prominent.

Mr. William Morris's Socialist League was founded in 1883 with the development of important differences in its views from those of the Democratic Federation. While accepting the collectivist principle of public control over the instruments of wealth production, the Socialist League insists strongly upon the necessity of this control being exercised by free communal groups, only loosely and voluntarily associated in larger aggregates. On this ground it has often leanings towards the "Anarchist" section in resisting the tendency to an over-centralized administration to which collectivists are prone. The present writer demonstrates that Mr. Morris's repugnance to the political institutions of the day, which leads him to preach ideal socialism rather than the appliance of its principles in any practical way to current social evolution, makes his teachings more attractive to literary workers and students than to the working classes—the wage-workers to whom his lectures are chiefly addressed.

The Fabian Society, the Christian Socialist Society, the "Guild of St. Matthew," the Toynbee Hall Settlement, the English Anarchists, and many other ramifications meet with fair representation in this pamphlet; but Mr. Sidney Webb, who is himself a well-known and ardent socialist, thinks that the cause is very much helped along by those who are unconscious of their socialism, many of whom proclaim individualism, self-help, and laissez-faire as their creed. The socialist propaganda has been widely diffused through the mining and manufacturing districts of England, and has found response and active adherents in all the industrial centres of Scotland; but in Ireland its teachings fall on sterile ground, owing to the backward state of industrial development. Many Christian ministers of different denominations have strong tendencies to socialism: there is a long list of works by ministers in its favor which Mr. Webb gives us. He also points out how Oxford and Cambridge have been affected by socialism without themselves having had any direct influence on the movement.

It is in the general tone of political economy in our day that the most apparent change has taken place. To quote our author:

"The lesson of evolution, at first thought to be the apotheosis of anarchic individual competition, is now recognized to be quite the contrary. We have to learn, Prof. Huxley tells us, to substitute consciously adapted coördination for internecine competition, if the organism which will prove to be the 'Fittest to Survive' is to be also the best. Even the political economists are learning this lesson, and the fundamental idea of a social organism paramount over and prior to the individual of each generation is penetrating to their minds and appearing in their lectures, though it has not even yet affected to any great extent their more elaborate treatises."

As a significant fact, the author mentions that the editors of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' requiring an article for their ninth edition on the development and position of political economy, requested a Socialistic Positivist to write on the subject, who supplied a "lengthy survey of the steady convergence of all the tendencies towards a socialist state." Mr. Webb goes on to point out the collectivist character of modern reform, so completely at variance with the individualist principles lately dominant in thought. He quotes Herbert Spencer's words: "The numerous socialistic changes made by act of Parliament, joined with numerous others presently to be made, will by and by be all merged in State socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised." He shows how the necessities of the time have forced the practical politician into a groove he would otherwise deprecate, remarking that English statesmen are more ready than American to "carry into actual legislative effect the proposals pressed upon them from below." While in America the cry is for good administration, in England it is for new laws.

It would require too much space to follow Mr. Webb through his chapter on "Socialism in Politics," or to quote "The Programme for London" from the *Star* which he considers fairly to represent the demands of the English Socialist party. We are bound to acknowledge the optimism of Mr. Sidney Webb's views, but we strongly recommend his pamphlet to those who desire to know what socialists are aiming at, and what the result of their efforts has been hitherto. It is impossible for any thoughtful person living in England not to perceive that a great class struggle is taking place around him. He would naturally wish to find out the manner in which it is helped along by those who have power to influence the public mind. Mr. Webb's account of the different denominations of socialists would serve this end.

The Tramp at Home. By Lee Meriwether. Harper & Bros. 1889.

Mr. Meriwether, as special agent of the United States Department of Labor, has had a pretty good opportunity of studying many branches of the labor question. He spent upwards of a year, he tells us, "in the kingdoms of the Old World" investigating the condition of the workingman. After submitting a report to the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington, he was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior a special agent to obtain similar information in America. His present volume, however, contains not the statistics collected, "but a few of the incidents—amusing and otherwise—that befell me in my intercourse with the working-classes of America, together with a brief account of a journey to the Sandwich Islands, undertaken in connection with an investigation into the condition of sailors."

The book is an entertaining one, and if Mr. Meriwether's statistics are as valuable as his account of his adventures is readable, he must have proved a helpful assistant to the Department. Among the best chapters in the book are those on California and the Sandwich Islands. His explanation of the anti-Chinese movement, so far as the wages question is concerned, is somewhat different from that promulgated by most labor-reformers. According to him, it is not true that Chinese labor is extraordinarily cheap. Chinese hands in fruit-canneries earn, he says, a dollar a day; a Chinese day-laborer on a farm earns $1.50; in San Francisco "a Chinese cook for a small family is paid as high as $35 a month." He does not give all the corresponding wages for white labor, but, while admitting them to be higher, he insists that they are by no means enough higher to account for the popular outcry. His idea is—and certainly there must be some truth in it—that much of the discontent of the California laborer arises from the fact that in comparatively recent times all wages in California were enormously high, $10 or $12 a day. The Chinese were the first laboring people to emigrate to California on a great scale. But had Irish, German, Italian, or negro laborers come instead of the Chinese, the effect would have been the same—that is, wages would have fallen. Of course this does not account for everything, for there is a fundamental race hatred, giving rise to that peculiar loathing which the California blackguard feels for the Mongolian—not unlike the old feeling of the Northern blackguard for the "nigger," but apparently stronger.

Of the Sandwich Islands and its $25,000 King, Mr. Meriwether gives a most amusing account. As the present is an era of corruption, it is interesting to know how "the thing is worked" in the Sandwich Islands. Here is the pathetic letter of Aki, a Chinaman, written for the purpose of getting a license to sell opium:

"O Lord of Heaven! here is a small offering, a small pig for breakfast. It would be a good thing if my royal master would be pleased to accept this. And here is something small which will be laid beside you, a few ten-cent pieces—$30,000—as your servant has remembered and sent it, and may you be so gracious and kind to me, etc., etc."

A few days later, Aki sent another pig, and a few more ten-cent pieces, this time $31,000. The King accepted the offer, took the two pigs and the ten-cent pieces, and then sold the license for $80,000 to another man. This was illegal, and produced much trouble, and finally the Supreme Court decided that the King must refund the money; but poor Aki had meantime died of a broken heart.

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Mr. Meriwether has a theory about the so-called labor problem which should not be overlooked by the reader, because it necessarily colors what he has to say. This is, that the principal cause of the decline in wages is the taking up of public lands by "monopolists." He seems to think that, but for this, the laborer would get as wages what he could get out of the land—*i. e.*, a man, on being offered a dollar a day as a farm hand, would immediately say, "But I can get five dollars a day by merely taking up a quarter section close by, and working it myself." Under the present system he cannot do this, because the monopolists, "English syndicates," railroads, and other "land-grabbers," keep the land away from him. On this head Mr. Meriwether gives some rather startling statistics as to the way in which city and town sites and timber land and agricultural land are taken up in advance of population, and "held," so that they are of no use to anybody. How much of it all is within the author's own knowledge does not appear.

Of course there are many objections to this theory. We will mention one or two. In the first place, the principal monopolists—the railroads—only take their immense tracts of land from the Government for the purpose of selling again as fast as possible. Any one who desires to do so, can get all the land he needs from them at a very small cost. It is only necessary to look at the statistics in Poor's Manual to see that they are selling their lands all the time. In the second place, an ordinary laborer, who has no capital, cannot take up and cultivate land any more than he can buy railroad stock, or make any other investment. The great body of laborers are in no position to threaten to become farmers on their own account, no matter how much land there may be. A laborer cannot become a farmer before he has accumulated a fund sufficient to enable him to buy, first, the land; second, the implements; third, the seed-grain; and to have something to live on while he is raising the crop. In the third place, the enormous immigration of laborers is quite sufficient to account for a decline in wages, without resorting to any new and fanciful theory.

C. Plinii Caecilii Secundi Epistulae ad Trajanum Imperatorem cum eiusdem Responsis. Edited, with Notes and Introductory Essays, by E. G. Hardy, M. A. Macmillan & Co. 1889. 8vo, pp. 251.

Mr. Hardy's hope, expressed in his preface, that "it is not to remain a law of the Medes and Persians that for school purposes Roman history should end with Augustus," is itself an indication how far the change that he desires has already come about. In the last generation classical students concerned themselves little about the Roman Empire. Even Tacitus and Juvenal were read rather as Latin authors than for any strong interest in the times which they described; and it occurred to few to regard the institutions of the Empire as an organic growth, developed directly out of those of the Republic. The civil wars put an end definitively to free institutions, and absolute monarchy took their place without an interval.

The present generation has learned to look at the Empire with different eyes, and to recognize in it a most interesting and instructive chapter in the growth of institutions. And in order to illustrate the change that has already taken place, and to advance still further our understanding of the period, Mr. Hardy could have done nothing better than place in our hands this exhaustive study of the correspondence between Trajan and Pliny. What is wanted is just such a concrete presentation of the subject. We have treatises upon the government of the Empire and the administration of the provinces; but here we have an emperor—the greatest between Augustus and Diocletian—and a governor—one of the most intelligent and cultivated men of his day—discussing in familiar letters the detail of the administration of a province. That the province is a petty and unimportant one perhaps increases the value of the materials; one can watch the working of machinery better in a small and simple engine than in a great and complicated establishment.

There is an Introduction, of seventy-five pages, containing such general discussions as are necessary. The most important of the subheads in this are "The Imperial Supervision of the Provinces" and "Pliny and the Christians." The hundred and twenty-one letters of the correspondence which follow are illustrated with a great wealth of scholarship—perhaps too much, leaving nothing to be done by the student. For example, it seems hardly necessary to give a lengthy paraphrase of every letter; students of the grade that would take up this book certainly need no such assistance. An appendix of five pages "On Pliny and the Christians" discusses Dr. Lightfoot's view of the persecution under Trajan, that "the events under Nero, Domitian, and Trajan were all persecutions of the Christians as an unlicensed religion." In the Preface (p. 63), he says of Trajan's edict: "That it actually was followed by a persecution there is not the smallest proof"; and he wholly rejects Dr. Lightfoot's view that it was "the most severe of all the persecutions of which we have any knowledge during the first and second centuries." He admits, however, "that the rescript of the Emperor inaugurated a new era. It was, it seems to me, merely the official interpretation, confirming Pliny's previous action, of the law against unlicensed collegia. So far as it went, however, it was an edict of proscription against Christianity, which by its very essence was an association, and therefore illegal; and if it could be proved that the rescript was intended to apply to the whole Empire, which I think was certainly not the case, it might fairly be described as the initiation of an anti-Christian policy" (p. 243).

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Browne, W. H. Archives of Maryland: Proceedings and Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, Oct. 1678–Nov., 1683. Baltimore: Maryland Historical Society.
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Edwards, Miss A. B. Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys: A Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites. 2d ed. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $2.50.
Ford, P. L. Franklin Bibliography. Brooklyn, N. Y., 97 Clark St.: The Author. $5.
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Gould, A. The Faithful Achates: A Narrative. The Judge Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Gould—Tucker. Notes on the Revised Statutes of the United States and the Subsequent Legislation of Congress. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $10.
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Jackson, A. V. W. A Hymn of Zoroaster, Yasna 31. Translated with comments. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Lockwood, L. Travels and Adventures of Little Baron Trump and his Wonderful Dog Bulger. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
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Optic, O. Within the Enemy's Lines. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
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Sprague, H. B. Shakespeare's Tragedy of Macbeth. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. 55 cents.
Stevenson, R. L. The Master of Ballantrae: A Winter's Tale. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Tales from *Blackwood*. Third Series. White & Allen. 40 cents.
Thomas, Annie. That Other Woman. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
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Thompson, A. C. Foreign Missions: Their Place in the Pastorate, in Prayer, in Conferences. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.75.
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Zschokke, H. Tales. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

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